Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

A Caribou Study—By Frank B. Huffman

VOLUME 2 OCTOBER 1923 NUMBER 3

Price 25 Cents

STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS 12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	★ 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in flight 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
Reed & Rail Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	⅞	10
Trapshooting	3	1 ¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS

If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

DRAMS		GRAINS	DRAMS		GRAINS
3½	equivalent to	28	2½	equivalent to	20
3¼	" "	26	2¼	" "	18
3	" "	24	2	" "	16
2¾	" "	22	1¾	" "	14

★ In 12-Gauge loads only use No. 2 Shot.

IN TESTS of millions of loads, du Pont Powder averages 4 per cent. greater velocity (greater effective range), 6 per cent. better pattern (more even spread of shot), and 10 per cent. less breech pressure (greater margin of safety).

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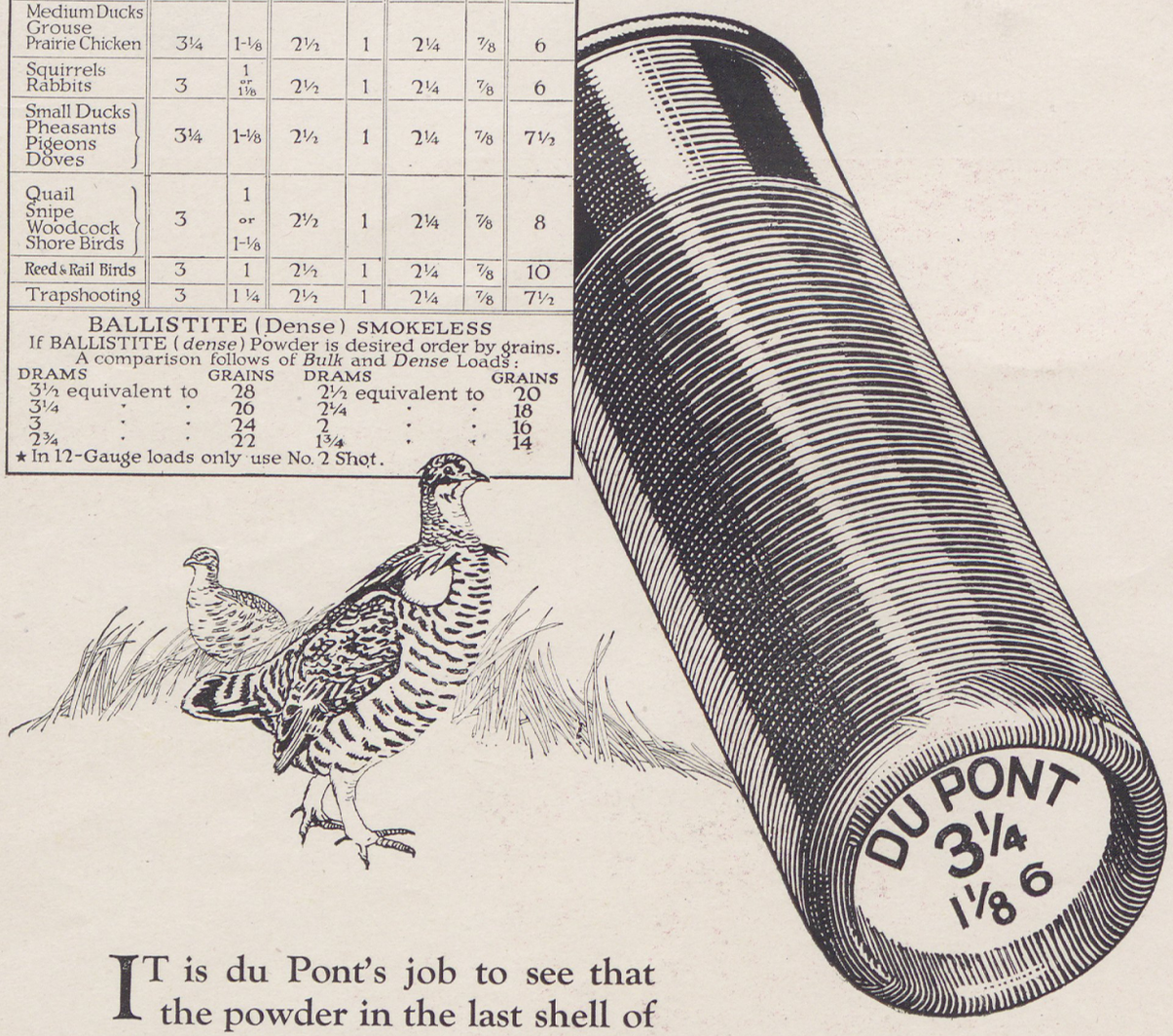

IT is du Pont's job to see that the powder in the last shell of the day shoots the same as in the first shell. This uniformity in powders is based upon rigid control in production and 121 years of powder-making experience.

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in these United States and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than two years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they, even as we, may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the outdoors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found on page 119. None of these officers or directors receive salaries.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Due consideration of the disastrous results of indiscriminate drainage projects and the obstruction of natural water courses.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game fishes from inland waters.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. To endorse the recommendations of zoologists who recognize the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations by the Federal Government and by the several States, so that the aid of scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the natural conditions of waters and the proper species of fishes to be planted therein.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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A Protest from Gene Stratton-Porter

A letter to President Coolidge from America's foremost woman Naturalist

MY dear Mr. President: There is nothing on earth that I hate to do worse than to thrust myself and my personal concerns upon you at a time when I thoroughly understand that your mind and your heart have practically as heavy a burden as one human being could be reasonably expected to carry. If I were asking anything for myself in person, this letter would never be written.

If you are at all familiar with the work that I have tried to do during the average lifetime of a human being, you will know that my heart is irrevocably bound up in the love of nature, in an overwhelming desire to preserve the beauty of the gift God has given us in this our great land, to save His little ministers of brilliant wing and singing throat that they may do their work of preserving the fruits, the vegetables, and the flowers for coming generations.

Ever since I can remember I have had a stiff battle to fight in an effort to preserve the forests, to preserve the water, to preserve the birds and the flowers for the people who would have this world as an inheritance from us. Last year I fought tooth and nail to prevent the drainage of a chain of northern lakes which would have worked indescribable damage to the beauty of the northern part of my state, to its climate, and to its agricultural resources.

It is a truism that cannot be controverted that where there is no moisture to rise from land but very little need be expected to return to it in the shape of rain. We are now facing the drainage crime of a century. It is proposed to drain the whole upper Mississippi bottoms, and the men who are proposing to do this thing are doing it not because it will benefit our land or our posterity but because they wish to put into their own pockets the money that they will be paid for doing the work.

If this thing is accomplished, a region covering more than three hundred miles will have its water level lowered to a degree that will drain ten times that space to the same level. There will not be a spring, a well, a running brook, or a lake within a radius of three thousand miles that will not be affected, and already so much devastation of this nature has been wrought that for one season during which we have just sufficient rain to grow crops and live in comfort we frequently have six or seven of devastating drought.

Mrs. Porter's fame as a novelist and an outdoor-lover is world-wide.

It is in your power to give to the future generation the greatest gift that any one man could give them. It is in your power to insure at least as much rain as we have been having during the past fifteen years in the North Central states, to preserve the beauty of what forests there are remaining, to furnish a home for the butterflies, the birds, the flowers, and the fish of the waters.

With all my heart I beg that, if it is humanly possible, my dear Mr. President, you will for a few hours forget the heavy burdens which daily I pray the good God to make lighter for you and to spend that time in deep study of our position here in this stretch of country affected if this drainage crime is allowed to go through.

The one fact prominent above all others which I wish to put before you as imperatively as it is in my power to do, is the fact that no greater lie ever was told to farmers and to agricultural interests than the lie which states that land that has been water soaked since the dawn of creation contains sufficient humus and nitrates for agricultural purposes. I have lived for the past twelve years on the shore of a lake and I have experimented exhaustively at what can be done with land long soaked in water. It is absolutely useless. I give you my word of honor that it would take as many centuries to impregnate this land with sufficient humus and nitrates to make it possible ground for crops as has elapsed between the dawn of creation and the present minute.

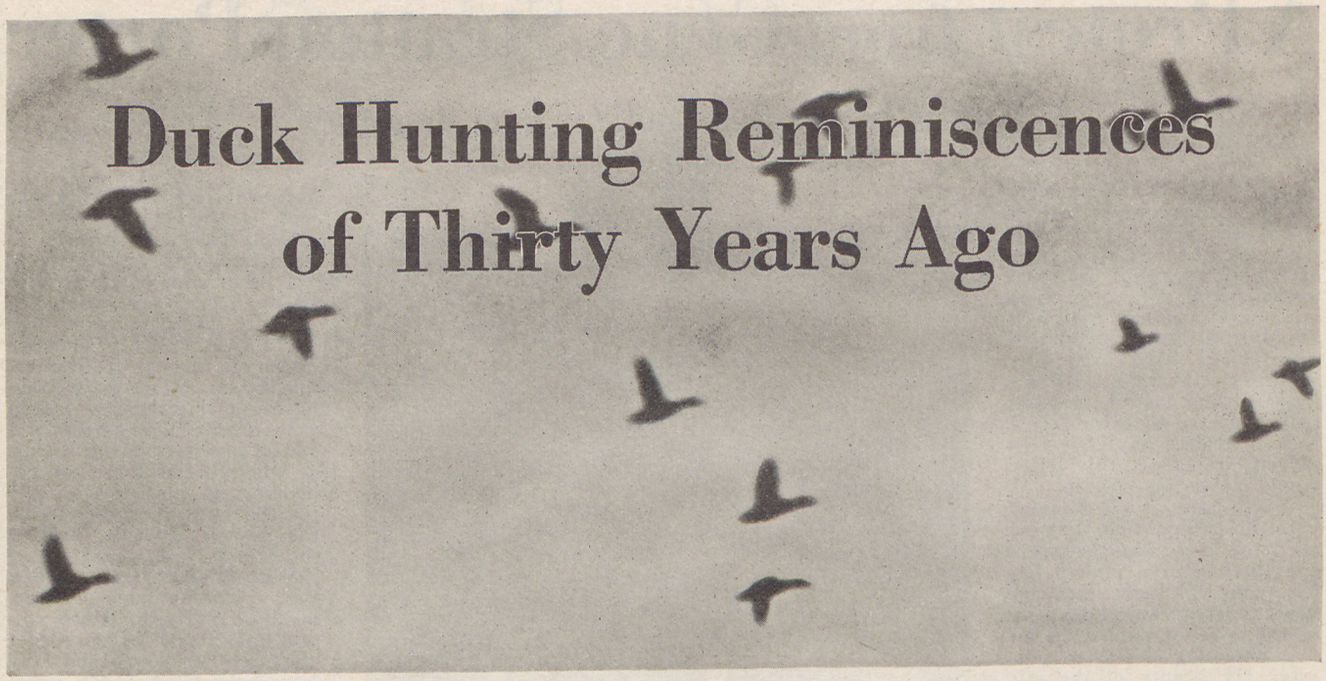
This is the thing that farmers do not know. They greedily agree with these drainage propositions because they are told that many useless acres will be added to their holdings for agricultural purposes after the land is drained. As a matter of fact, not one acre will be added to the agricultural land in the region proposed to drain for centuries to come. And this is a truth that you will realize if you stop to think about it and make a little scientific investigation.

Very truly your friend,
(Signed)

LIMBERLOST CABIN,
ROME CITY, INDIANA

Gene Stratton-Porter

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?



Duck Hunting Reminiscences of Thirty Years Ago

By P. E. ZARTMAN

Photographs by George H. High.

HAVE you ever been hunting on the Illinois River, down through Mason County—round about Grand Island? Say, fellows, if you haven't, you've missed something. I was born and reared there and every year just about this time, I get to reminiscing and I long for the things of thirty years ago.

I was twelve years old when Dad bought me my first gun and taught me to hunt—and side by side from then on till he died, we shared the hardships and pleasures of those wonderful hunting grounds.

I go back now, once every year—it's good, too, but it's changed. The beautiful pecans and pin-oaks have fallen to the ax and only their snags and underbrush are left to hint of their once stalwart existence. Gun Clubs and reserves now bind us on every side, where once we tramped and shot with the utmost freedom. We had no laws and no limits in those days and at night we'd go home loaded with every kind of duck—and Mother's suppers! Nothing ever tastes like them now. There were great slices of sugar cured ham, hot biscuits, coffee and blackberry pies.

My Father's hobby was hunting, and he lavished me with guns, ammunition, decoys and fine dogs. How well I remember the day I got my first canvas backs. It was a morning late in March of which I speak. Old Sol was peeping over Neider Ridge just as I finished setting my blocks in the narrows between Swan and Goose Lakes. Father had made me a blind and then left me to my own discretion. Hardly had I located, when there was a roar of wings and a great flock of canvas backs swung in over my decoys. I let loose and my joy had no bounds when I gathered up nine beauties. (You see I was only fifteen and this was thirty years ago.)

The hunting companions of my youth were real pals, and I recall one, "Reddy" Horstman, a lad older than myself by five years, who was my good shepherd. I love him to this day, though I know not what became of him.

Did you ever have a day of hunting when misfortune and mishaps attended you at every turn? Just such a day stands out clearly in my memory as I write, and a shiver creeps down my back as I think of it. Frank Roloff, a native of Bath, and I were invited down to shoot on Nick Ohl's ground. (This piece of land is now owned by David Joyce of Chicago.) We drove an old horse hitched to a two-wheeled cart and this outfit we had to ferry across Snicarte Slough.

Just as we started to drive on the boat the old plug slipped and down he fell into the sticky mud and water. **Down** was the word, for he mired clear up to his back. I ran a mile for help and finally with the aid of shovel and rope we got the nag on dry land again.

Nothing daunted, we set out once more and at last reached our destination. Accompanied by Ohl, we crossed the Illinois River into Sticky Lake. Here, we separated and I, alone, waded out through the yorkeys and wild rice to an open space which was surrounded with acres of dock. I kept hearing a splashing round about me, but having my eyes peeled skywards in my outlook for ducks, I heeded not. Suddenly, I beheld what surrounded me. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins and my heart, after one tremendous thud, stood still in horror, for I was standing right in the midst of one awful, wiggling, squirming mass of snakes. Not a little mass either, dear friends—I swear there was an acre. My lungs gave off a mighty wheeze. I bellowed like a bull. I ran, I shot, I fell and ran again, and when my companions reached me at the edge of the lake, they thought they beheld a maniac. Crazy I was, too, for the time being, and the truth gleamed in my eye when I gasped, "Snakes! Millions of them!" My friends doubted the number of those water moccasins. Peace be to their skins!

I once possessed a bunch of tame ducks used in hunting, and some bunch it was, too—twelve drakes and a hen. I can safely say that if I had them today I could make some little cash in vaudeville. I used to take the hen under my arm, call "Come on, boys, to the flock, and single file they would follow me anywhere. The leader of the bunch was named "Pete" and many a parade we had. They grew to be great pets. I always kept the hen in the boat on my trips and tied the drakes out.

I remember one evening in particular that I set them in what was called Wilkin's Swale. The wind was in the northwest and every five minutes it would snow, then clear, then snow again. Just the kind of day for hunting, you know. The mallards were coming down Grand Island in large flocks. In their flight they would make big billows like the waves of the ocean, with their heads held against that great storm. That evening was some

sport to me. Every time my Remington belched forth the black powder, I would tumble a pair.

I say, isn't it a beautiful sight to look down the barrel of your gun and see the shot that is a work of art? How the memories cling to you, of the clean singles and doubles you've made.

This evening, of which I'm speaking, my luck was wonderful. I had pushed my way into the forks of a fallen tree and so located soon had the boat loaded with

Remarkable picture of duck just shot and in the act of falling.

mallards. I was just taking in my tame ducks, preparatory to going home, when Bob Moore paddled up. He had a Mr. Fifer from Peoria with him. (This had meant $2.00 a day and some ten-cent cigars for Bob.) Somehow they had missed the flight and their boat was empty. No—not empty—for there in the bottom lay a $250.00 Parker Hammerless,—the first I had ever seen, and my eyes stuck out a foot. It had a "Bob White" engraved on one side, and a pair of ducks on the other. Mr. Fifer's eyes were green with envy, too, as he looked in my boat.

Crane Lake, right close to Snicarte, Ill., is one of the best and largest "rest lakes" in existence. It is now the property of the Crane Lake Gun Club. There, you can see not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of ducks and geese.

My first goose hunt was near this region in a wheatfield where I was told there was a great flock of "honkers" feeding. Dick Smith, Justice of Peace, town politician, undertaker, preacher, and liveryman, gave me my directions and rented me a horse of ancient model, with a bum accelerator. I was to sneak up on the geese by stooping behind the horse and driving him into the field, thus concealed. I must not straighten up lest I lose my chance. In such position then, I humped along, punching the old mare in the flanks with my gun stock, until I had gone at least a half-mile. Then, thinking I certainly must be in range of the geese, I unhinged the "kink" in my back and gave a big jump to one side—but alas! I was the only goose in sight. I spent the next hour trying to catch that old horse which somehow began running like the dickens on all four cylinders. At a later time I worked a like ruse and bagged three splendid specimens.

My favorite dog was Bruce, a white and tan Irish and Gordon setter. He was an eight weeks old puppy when Dad got him for me. Talk of friendship and love—well, we both had it.

One day, after school, Bruce and I, with my gun, went down to Moscow Bay, just a short distance from my home. I had taken Father's boots—they were only about six sizes too large for me. We waded along in the grass for some distance when I heard the dog behind me, breathing with queer little snorts. Turning, I found he was dragging a crippled mallard drake by the wing. I grabbed it for that meant a duck to my glory—'cause Bruce couldn't tell. Going on, we noticed a man shooting on Basin Point. It was Jim Lacey, for I recognized the quick run of notes of his duck-call. Stopping, about two hundred yards away, we saw him leave the blind to pick up a duck that had fallen some distance from him. Bruce scented the six dead mallards Jim had staked out for decoys, and also noted his departure. Aiming to increase the number of my ducks, he swam the Bay and retrieved four of those birds before Jim got back. Curses there were galore, until I called I would return them. Trying to reach him I stuck in that blue sticky mud and pulled both boots. Jim came to my rescue and placed me and the boots on terra firma again, from whence Bruce and I struck for home, both "mum" on how we had gotten our one duck.

Those Illinois River natives are real characters, and if they're your friends they stick through thick and thin.

Association often shows them to be "diamonds in the rough."

There's Uncle John Butler, a veteran hunter of the early type. His sense of humor and quick wit, I like to remember. Once I was hunting with him, down beyond Juniver Beach. He was stationed on a log near me when along came a pair of mallards. I let loose and down came the drake some fifty yards away. I had only crippled him, and he started to make a "get away." Leaving my gun behind, I started right after, through water knee deep. That was some chase. I would just reach him when the darned bird would get a fresh start. At last I grabbed him just as another cripple fluttered from the grass, and a second chase began. It equalled the first. With a final lunge I landed that duck, but no rest for the wicked. Right then, if the third maimed bird didn't flop up almost in my face. I must have gotten my second wind by then, for down through the water, in and out, round and round we went. When I got back to Uncle John with the three ducks, I didn't know who was the more exhausted—he from laughing, or I from plunging and lunging.

As I was only learning to shoot at that time, I was much pleased over the three ducks. "Now Son," said Uncle John, "you can have some fun. Say you got three birds with but one crack of the gun, but don't tell a soul how 'twas done. Remember

(Continued on page 126)

"I have yet to see the sport that compares with a wild duck hunt down Grand Island way 30 years ago."

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

The Asphalt Sportsman

By HAROLD TITUS
Author of "Timber," etc.

IN the whole world no one would have suspected Davy Crockett of leading a double life. He was so gentle, so modest, so frank in his manner and such a steady-going, dependable sort that every one in the planning department of Harris Motors, where he worked, believed a finger could be put on him at any minute, believed that they knew just how Davy would act under any given circumstance. And yet they never knew him at all, and one of the things which made him a personality had no foundation whatever in fact; was just a make-believe in the man!

Crockett was not his real name; that was Mason. Some one gave him the other that morning after the big blizzard when Detroit did not turn a wheel and scarcely moved a foot before noon, but in spite of the condition of the streets old Davy showed up almost on time, wearing shoe packs and a faded old Mackinaw jacket, his face masked with ice after bucking the storm a good four miles; when, later in the day, that accomplishment caused surprise and comment Davy only smiled and looked up from his work and remarked that a blizzard was a stimulant, but, of course, he'd rather have bucked it somewhere up in big timber than through city streets.

"Leave it to old Davy Crockett to beat bad weather," a silk-shirted boy said and the office was in a mood to laugh at such a simple sally and did and the name stuck.

It was a good name for Davy, too, a better one than his own, for if ever a man in a city office carried the stamp of a dweller in remote places he did. Life in unpeopled stretches of country was his one excess and it was as confirmed as cabareting was with most of the younger men . . . . at least, so those about him all believed.

Though he was called "old" Davy he was not advanced in years. It was a term of affection more than anything else. His age was rather uncertain, probably somewhere in the middle thirties, but along with his mature poise, his simple dignity which made people respect before they knew him well, was a disconcerting air of retained youth which upset most guesses as to his years. His laugh was the laugh of a boy, but he had little of the impulsiveness of young men and there were times when work was slack that he would sit staring through a window with a look about his mouth that was like the reflection of physical pain and an expression deep in his blue eyes that seemed the last word in hopelessness; at such times he looked old, indeed.

Nothing about his job could have worried him because he was as good a cost accountant as Harris could want and had been with the company since its beginning. Of course, he was never considered for a better position but he was the sort that is not at all envious of more ambitious and successful men. He made good money, was unmarried and except for a sister, of whom he spoke now and then, had no responsibilities.

Davy never said anything that indicated he had trouble; on the other hand, to hear him talk you would think that his life was one of complete contentment, but those occasional moods of his were evidence of somber worry and caused a deal of speculation among those who worked with him.

In another man such things might have passed with the slightest notice, but Davy was different. It was a tradition that every new girl in the department fell in love with him first, because he was so kindly and human that the most frivolous as well as the most sedate at one time gave evidence of affection. Of this he seemed unconscious—so great was his modesty—and ultimately each affair subsided—or rose—to the level of the finest sort of friendship. He was a father confessor for every man and boy in the office, as well, always ready to listen and prompt with his sympathy or advice. Because of this others were interested in his trouble, wondering what it might be that took the smile from his lips and the enthusiasm from his eyes; and because of that, too, they were always glad with him of the things he held most dear: the streams and the forests, and the life native to them.

The final test of the quality of an individual's enthusiasm comes when he attempts to infect another with it, and to produce response in the city people with whom he worked —the most typical city people of the most typical Detroit—for things so remote from their lives and tastes was an easy matter for Davy Crockett. He would sit in the rest room after lunch smoking his sweet briar pipe, toying with his waterproof match safe or the little compass he carried, and talk of birch and balsam, of moose and mink, of trout that had been caught, of rapids that had been run, and make those older men forget that their lives were all bound up in their jobs, and the younger ones put away for an hour their chief ambitions: a Harris speedster and a membership in the Athletic Club.

His knowledge of the woods seemed to be without limit and he talked with charm and modesty. He could permeate the room with the smell of wood smoke by his easy flow of words; he could drown the noises of the street by getting over to his listeners the thrill of north wind in spruces; lounging there, he thrilled them with tales of fights against wounded moose, made their unschooled hands itch for a gun as he brought ducks into decoys, and gave them something of the joy that comes to a man who stands in the cool embrace of a virgin stream and with light tackle plays a wary fish. And yet into this he never injected himself, never took a glimmer of glory; he exalted the accomplishments and left himself out, though every one was convinced that Davy had done all the things of which he told.

But aside from his associations in the office, no one knew him. Many would have valued a quiet dinner or a stroll with him, but Davy always dodged engagements, gracefully and a little wistfully. He was seldom seen about town; never, in fact except on Saturday afternoons and then he could be found in a Woodward avenue sporting goods store where he chatted intimately and intelligently with the clerks about guns and tackle.

Because his life was in such contrast to the life he loved vacation time meant much more to Davy than it meant to most people and because he was so liked and because his enthusiasm over his annual leave was so great others took keen interest in his plans. He would be asked months in advance when he was going, and always knew, to a day, but where he was going . . . . ah, that was another thing! People pried and pestered him, but he always had one answer:

"Away off, where nobody'll find me!"

Now, it would be in August that he went, explaining that this was the best month for speckled trout in a certain stream he knew; again it would be fall, his arrangements giving him a day or two before the opening of the deer season. He would come back with deeper color and callouses on his hands and would be welcomed gladly and urged for a report on his luck, but always he shook his head and said that he was only an asphalt sportsman and had little to tell, and it would be some time after his return before Davy would talk again of the woods. In those periods his melancholy lapses were most noticeable, as though, perhaps, he had not enjoyed his vacation, or else hated to come back to the job; but after a time he would shake off that depression and become his old self. . . . .

Then Rhea Eldred came to type for Harris Motors and the great change was worked in Davy Crockett.

She was not the sort of girl that would at first attract particular attention in a city office. There was no flash of dress or manner and, schooled as most of the force was in artificial womanly charm, it took some time to detect the clearer look in her deep blue eye, the genuine, though not so pronounced color in her cheeks, the fine texture of her skin, the natural wave of her copper colored hair, and the freedom of her walk. It was that walk which first moved Davy. He glanced up as she passed his desk during her first day on the job and turned in his chair to watch the sway of her trim shoulders and the rhythmic movement of hips and legs. She wore low-heeled shoes and her toes pointed straight before her, as toes should point to take the shock of walking from the spine, a fact which woodsmen know.

Davy watched her at her work. They smiled at each other from the first but he was no man to force himself and Rhea had a queer reserve which kept her to herself entirely the first fortnight she was in the office.

But one noon she stood looking through magazines on the reading table while Davy helped two of the boys plan a camping trip. She looked up rather absently as he lighted his pipe and saw him carefully extinguish the match before dropping it; then he screwed his waterproof

matchsafe together and that nipped her interest as her walk had caught Davy's because few city men carry matches in a container that will keep them serviceable under all conditions, and those who do most surely know the value of a dry match, which is often the price of life itself. A peculiar look of regard came into the girl's face but when Davy spoke again this was swept away by a startled expression, for he said:

"If all goes well next summer and you get your hand in, I'd advise your going to the Blueberry on the following trip. Some of the biggest speckled trout ever caught have been taken from Burned Dog pool."

At that the girl, without a sign of hesitation, walked close and broke in:

"Have you fished the Blueberry, above Pancake?"

Davy turned his head rather sharply and stared hard at her before he smiled, and when he did smile there was about the expression something close to alarm.

"You know the water!" he said softly, not replying to her question. "I knew you were born in the woods when I saw you walk."

The girl laughed, pleased and confused.

"I was brought up on the Blueberry," she said. "My father was timber cruiser for the Harringtons and I lived at Pancake six years."

"At Pancake! I'll be jiggered!"

"I heard you talking about Burned Dog pool and it was like a . . . . a voice from home. I fished there with the first Leonard rod in that country. My father bought it for me when I was fourteen."

Davy stood up. His face was radiant, his eyes twinkled and he rubbed his palms excitedly.

"Think of that! Here, have a chair. The Blueberry is one of my pet streams, but you know more about it than I ever will." He stopped, with an odd catch in his voice and turned away to drag up the chair for her. She sat down and he looked at her soberly a long moment and he seemed to be grateful for something, rather humble, too, and perhaps frightened a bit. . . . .

Then they were off! For the first time Davy Crockett had found one in the office who talked his language and throughout noon hours they would gossip all the way from high-power rifles to pheasant culture. At first the usual group would form about Davy but his talk was directed almost exclusively at the girl, though there was no intimation that he begrudged the nearness of the rest; but before long those others were aware that whether Davy realized it or not they were intruding and gradually the established practice of listening to him spin yarns was broken up and it came to pass that he and Rhea Eldred sat alone or, on fine winter days, walked in the street, slowly, faces animate with interest in each other.

The girl was eager to talk, as eager as only a person can be who has been starving for outlet. Three years before the father of whom she spoke with such a combination of reverence and evidence of comradeship had taken his last cruise and she had come to Detroit to live with an aunt and finish her schooling. Now the aunt was gone and Rhea was alone. . . .

"I had heard people talk about being lonesome in a city," she said, "but I never knew it could be so . . . . so awful! You saved my life, Davy Crockett, with your matchsafe and your talk of the Blueberry!"

The man winced and looked away at that because, for the first time, her voice was very tender; the last vestige of reserve that had been about her a month before was gone, and she put into tone if not into words the depths of her feeling for him.

"I haven't known just what ailed me since I've been alone, but now I do: I'll never be contented here. I'm not lonesome for people any more,"—looking at him with splendid frankness—"but I'm not born to racket and crowds. I think to be really happy I'll have to go up yonder, where the sounds aren't noises, and where there are no crowds. . . . ."

He did not reply and after a pause the girl said:

"I suspect you don't like it any better than I do, Davy! Carrying your dry matches and your compass to your desk! Why don't you clear out and really live?"

He dragged slowly on his pipe for a time without answering and when he took the stem from his lips the hand was not just steady.

"Habit is strong, Rhea. I've been here so long, you know, and I've taken such a joy in my plans and dreams that if I broke loose and tried to live up to the wildest of the things I might plan——"

He left off with a shrug which caused the girl to look sharply at him, but his face showed little change . . . . and she could not see his heart, the ache and the tumult there!

Anyone with half an eye could see that Rhea Eldred was soles over scalp in love with Davy Crockett; other girls in the office had been so, of course, but this was quite different. It was no passing fancy and in her plans of breaking away from the city and her repeated suggestions that Davy try to make more of his dreams come true was a relation and design that the man could not overlook.

And Davy Crockett was profoundly stirred but instead of being stimulated as most men are by loving he seemed to be depressed and that despondent look was in his eye and the pain was about his lips more frequently and his shoulders seemed to sag just a trifle.

He left off his Saturday afternoons in the sporting goods store and the two walked together, now in Palmer Park, now on Belle Isle, talking of remote places while their hearts were bursting with thoughts closer and dearer. At times the man was silent, his face rather grim, and it seemed as if he were about to say things that would blight the small portion of happiness they derived from those brief hours together. They were brief indeed and once Rhea asked:

"Couldn't we go somewhere Sunday? A real walk, over in Canada, perhaps?"

Though a quick fire of enthusiasm showed in his eyes Davy shook his head.

"That would be fine! We'll try to do it sometime, you bet, but I have a friend—a shoeman—whose books are in an awful mess and I've promised to help him out. It will take several Sundays, I'm afraid."

That was all he would say. He was evasive and when Rhea questioned with her serious eyes he did not meet them.

"You working over books!" she cried bitterly. "You at a desk, Davy Crockett!"

He smiled tolerantly.

"It's not so bad, when one has dreams, and vacations."

"Do two weeks out of the year satisfy you? Do they do more than make you discontented?" she insisted.

"Perhaps only a little more. But anticipation and realization, you know. . . . Suppose I did pull up and get out and then wanted to come back. It isn't easy for a man who has left his youth behind to catch on again."

"You growing old!" she laughed. "You're the youngest man in our office!

"Anyway, what have you here that you couldn't have in the woods? You want nothing you couldn't have there and get without half the effort you put into the job you're holding. Why, think! You, in a cabin in a country where there's fish and game! You're strong; you could do a man's work; you could make your living and more, and really live in doing it."

He laughed rather dryly at that and she laid a hand quickly on his arm.

"Davy, is there something else? Some reason. . . . ."

He looked away and shook his head.

"I'm as happy as I can be, I think."

But in his tone was a patience, a resignation that she could not fathom; she knew that he was not happy, but she did not know the other. . . .the lie behind it all!

As the girl's concern for him became more pronounced and direct Davy Crockett began to hold himself in, holding himself desperately. The love which he wanted and which he could not take was there before him, every day, without coquetry, frank and beautiful. And then one afternoon as they stood at the lower end of Belle Isle, Rhea said:

"You're such a comfortable person to be with! . . . . When you do go away and build that cabin I might come and spend a vacation with you. . . . Would I be welcome?"

"It's Great—"

By CHARLES HEDDON

It's great to be up in the mornin',
When the sun's just peepin' through,
And the grand old earth's resplendent breast,
Is a'gleam with the mornin' dew—
You can drink at the bar of nature,
Of a vintage pure and rare;
Can take your fill
From God's own still
And get drunk on the mornin' air.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

He tried to smile lightly, but the smile broke down and he half lurched toward her, grasping both her hands.

"Welcome? You and I together, where the cleanliness and the silence is more . . . . than a dream?"

He looked close into her responsive face a moment; then let her hands go and turned away and said with an apologetic laugh:

"No, No. . . . Let's be moving on." And for a long interval there was silence.

The girl could not bring herself to pry. She had asked once for his whole confidence and that had been withheld, but she persisted and planned and when, with late Spring, the vacation schedule was made up she came to him in the office.

"Where are you going to spend your two weeks?" she asked.

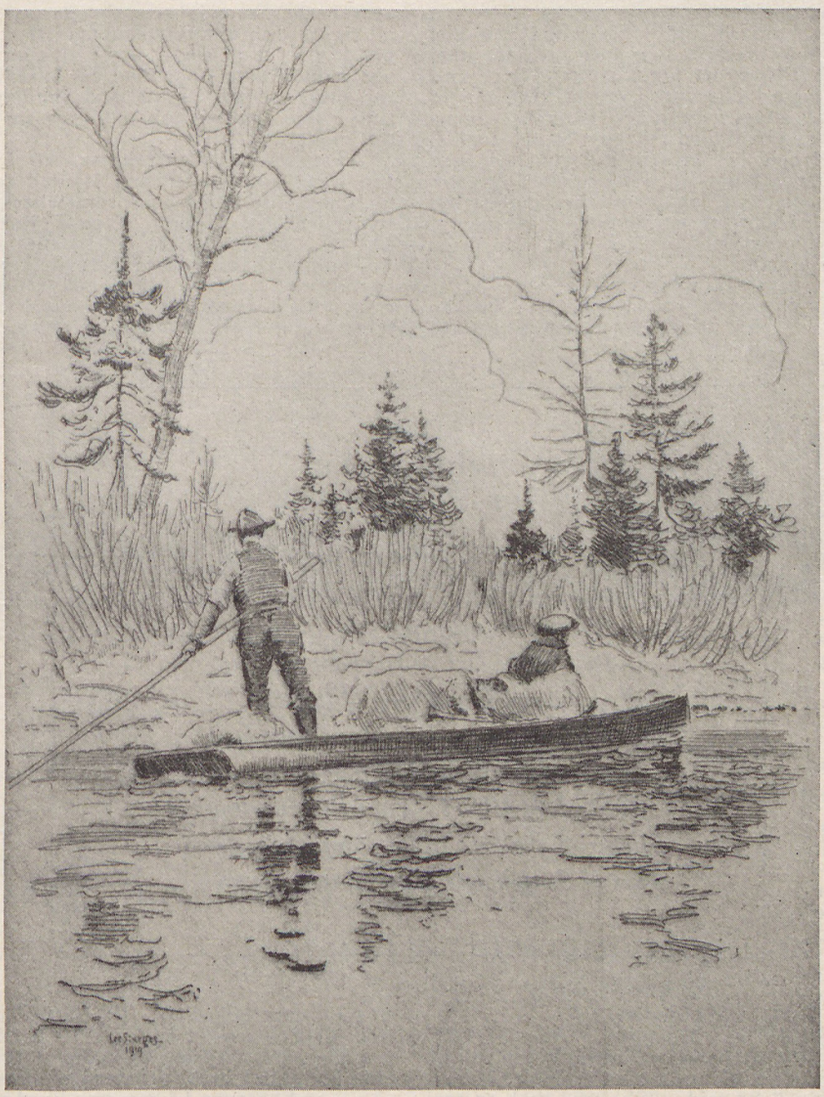
He gave her his usual reply:

"Away off, where I can't be found!"

She did not respond to his laugh but sat down on the edge of his desk and looked at him speculatively.

"Listen, Davy. The Harrington cut is finished and there isn't much left along the Blueberry, but Aunty Jo Miller runs her little store at Pancake and takes people who want to fish there. It's an ideal place; I am going in June and I want you to come with me . . . . if you haven't a more appealing plan."

He was holding a scratch pad in one hand at the time and his fingers closed on it slowly until the cardboard back crumpled. He looked at her with such a light in his face as a man has who has dreamed hopelessly of great things when realization of those dreams suddenly confronts him. Then the light faded and he turned away and rose stiffly and walked to a water cooler and drank before replying. When he returned he was smiling a fixed, meaningless smile.



"—things he held most dear; the streams and the forests and the life native to them."

"My dear girl," he began rather harshly. "Your intentions are splendid, I know. You are trying to do something for me, to make me happier. But if you have my true happiness at heart you won't plan for me. It is impossible for me to go to Pancake or any other place with you. It is necessary and best that I make my own plans."

She stood up and drew away and at that his face changed.

"Rhea, I'm sorry!" he choked. "It has to be, though. . . . Please . . . . don't talk to me any more."

He turned to his desk abruptly and with an effort, as though the movement tore at his heart roots, the first time he had ever dismissed any person with a show of curtness, and the girl, flushing hotly, murmured a few senseless words and went back to her work.

Others had seen and they noticed that Davy was more reserved thereafter, that during noon hours he did not tell his stories, that he was morose, or as near morose as he could ever become. This occasioned its measure of gossip and rather dampened the usual interest in his vacation plans. He was unresponsive when vacations were mentioned; was going, he said, away off where he couldn't be found, but his smile was lacking when he said this.

Hurt and bewildered, Rhea Eldred complied with Davy's request. She did not try to talk to him, did not even go near him, but kept to her work with a set, beaten look on her young face. All the pride in her feminine heart was wrung by his rebuff; all the self confidence she had possessed was gone. She had misjudged his friendship, had been so certain of him and of herself that she had taken the initiative in that odd courtship and had come down to earth with a crash that shook her . . . . shook her. Her own vacation plans were set aside. In a few weeks her savings would be sufficient to keep her many months with Aunty Jo Miller and there, in the familiar solitude, she might find comfort, and at least she was certain of refuge of a sort. She felt that she had been bold and unwomanly, arrogant and conceited; nothing remained but heartache and the impulse to hide.

He came to her for the first time that Saturday noon before he left the office for his cherished fortnight; he was embarrassed but self controlled.

"More than anything else, I would like to spend this time with you, Rhea," he said, "but there are things which you can not understand. It was wrong in me to make you my friend. I . . . . I'm sorry it had to end this way, but it had to be. Goodbye."

After he had gone she realized that up to then she had held to a faint remnant of hope, but that was extinguished now. He had not meant to hurt her, he was the same, kindly Davy Crockett, but there was something of which he was not master, a part of himself, a circumstance . . . . something. He would not even explain to her though, and that was the ultimate in wounds.

The week dragged to Friday.

At noon an office boy came into the rest room carrying a newspaper.

"Looky here," he said to Brandon, the chief clerk. "Ain't this funny? It's Tuesday's paper."

He indicated a paragraph on an inside page and Brandon read:

> David Mason, —— Alger avenue, a yard employe at Plant Four of Harris Motors, was struck by an automobile and seriously injured at Bates and Jefferson while responding to a summons to the bedside of an invalid sister who died suddenly this morning. Mason was taken to his home in a police ambulance."

"That can't be Davy," said Brandon. "This man was a yard employe."

"But that's his address," the boy insisted.

Others formed an excited knot and then Rhea Eldred, overhearing, seeing the expressions of perplexed concern, pushed through the group.

She read and caught her breath. One hand went to her throat and she faced the office boy who was insisting:

"Of course, that's his address. It's on the books."

"But Davy is off in the woods. Besides it happened four days ago and he'd have let us know."

Rhea did not stop to listen further. She did not stop to speak to Brandon or anyone else, though the gong was ringing to call them back to work. She snatched her hat and went down the stairs, risking a fall in her flight, and ran into the street . . . . some inspiration urging that this tragedy would explain everything.

The car she boarded bumped and lagged and the girl scarcely breathed as she pressed her face against the window glass to watch the street signs . . . . Alger; and she was pushing the laggard door open. . . . . She ran to the curb and along the street, scanning the house numbers. . . . . There it was, a cramped, shabby frame duplex.

She rang the bell and held her breath; then pushed open the door and looked up the stairs and rang again. A voice called, scarcely recognizable as Davy's, and she climbed the flight, inhaling the stale odor of carnations, that funeral smell which clings in houses from which the dead have gone. On the landing she halted.

"Come in," she heard him say weakly.

He was in the small, dingy living room, lying on a broken couch, wrapped in a faded bath robe. His face was toward the door and when he saw the girl he closed his eyes and his chest sagged as the breath slipped from it.

"Davy!" she choked as she stepped forward and dropped to her knees and drew his hand in hers. "Davy, why didn't you send for us?"

For an instant his hand was limp in hers and then the fingers tightened until they hurt.

"We saw the news in the paper only today," she said unsteadily. "Is it . . . . Is it all over?"

He stirred and swallowed and moved as though to nod his head.

"All over," he whispered. "They took her away yesterday." He compressed his lips to steady them.

"And you? Are you badly hurt?"

"Only bruises . . . . but I don't matter. . . . ."

"Don't say that. You do!"

He turned his head so that he stared straight up at the ceiling.

"You'd have liked Lucy," he said. "She was real, as real as people get, as real as you are; she had courage in the face of awful odds. . . . . Operation after operation, hospital after hospital; ten years of it, and she never protested . . . . except when she thought she was making others trouble . . . . making me trouble. . . . .

"Nothing could have helped, I guess. She thought that from the first, and was just waiting . . . . for what came Tuesday. It was easier for her to give up than it was for me. The doctors told me all along it was no use, but I couldn't help trying because she was so. . . . ." He stopped and swallowed with difficulty.

"She used to try to drive me away on my vacation, make me go to the woods, but I couldn't do that, not with her comfort and a little hope as the price. . . . ."

Rhea's eyes were misted, her lips parted, as she stared at him with dawning comprehension. He sighed lightly and whispered:

"It's better so, I guess. Every month made it harder to keep her easy. . . . . I couldn't have seen her in actual pain."

For a long interval there was silence.

"Sweet of you to come, Rhea, after . . . . after I'd. . . . ."

He did not try to finish so she said:

"We weren't sure at the office . . . . that is, the rest weren't. The paper had you a laborer, Davy."

She felt him tremble and the suggestion of a brave laugh came from his throat.

"A laborer, yes."

"And you were supposed to be on your vacation . . . . away off."

He turned his head to look into her face and stroked her hands with his.

"You see, Rhea, I'm an awful liar . . . . besides being a failure."

"Don't!"

"Yes; it's time you knew . . . . and I want to explain why I had to hurt you. . . . .

"The yard of Plant Four is as near the woods as I've ever been. No, no!"—as she gasped and drew back. "It's all right. I'm not complaining. It was the easiest thing for me to do. You see, I don't amount to much, I can't earn big money and Lucy had to have money. I kept books for other people nights and Sundays and when vacation time came I got a job outdoors for the change . . . . and the money. . . . .

"That was all right; it was all I could do for her, but I'm weak and foolish and wanted to stand for something, to amount to something somewhere; wanted to do something well. . . . . Ever since I was a little boy here in Detroit I've wanted to be in the woods, but first it was the family that kept me here doing my share, and then it was Lucy . . . . all I had and I was all she had. . . . . I couldn't get away very well but I've always dreamed that when she got well I might go away. I've carried a compass in my pocket since I was a kid . . . . and hoped that I might need it to get me back to camp some time. I've read about the big places and talked to people who have been there and I got to telling those things as if I knew them first hand.

"Just pretending kept me going, kept me hoping for Lucy, I guess. I worried over her, but I got a lot of good out of my lies, and people thought I amounted to something and I don't think it ever hurt anybody . . . . but you . . . ." His voice caught. He looked up at the ceiling again and was silent a moment while the girl beside him struggled to hold back the tumult in her heart.

"You came and knew so much more than any one I'd ever talked to! I'd learned to lie so well that even you didn't suspect me and I liked that. . . . . But after a while I got wanting to know at first hand too badly; that was because I grew ashamed of myself for lying so to you . . . . and because I knew you liked me because you thought I was different from other people, because I talked your language. . . . . Maybe I did, but it was only sort of . . . . parrot talk. . . .

"After that I came to dread this vacation . . . . pushing trucks of pig iron in the yard at Plant Four, and I got *wanting* a cabin and seclusion, even when she needed the money I could earn. I didn't want to think that way, Rhea, but I guess you brought out all that I'd been suppressing for . . . . a long time.

"That was why I had to be . . . . nasty to you. You see, our friendship never could become real because I'm not real enough for you. In time you'd have found me out, anyhow. When you suggested that I go to Pancake with you I didn't know what to do. . . . I had to get you away from me somehow . . . . before you found out my lies. I thought I couldn't stand that. . . . . Lying here these days, though, I came to know you deserve this; it's only fair to tell you that I'm a . . . . fraud."

His hands grew cold and damp as he talked and the girl, eyes clear and burning now, leaned forward for his words.

"I do love big places in my . . . . my second hand way. You taught me so much about them, Rhea, but if I hadn't told you all about myself I'd have felt like a thief . . . . stealing from you.

"I saw the paper that had me a laborer. When you

"Enchantment"

By J. ROY ZEISS

Lure of the stream and evergreen pines,
Fragrance of clover and honeysuckle vines;
Blue of the mirrored lake in early morn,
Rise of the sun in splendor reborn;
Call of the quail, and song of the lark,
Lap of the waves on the side of your bark;
Fall of the fly and leap of the trout,
Flash of silver! Your line running out!
Flicker of shadows in the camp-fire's gleam,
Joys of the follower of forest and stream!

di—didn't come I thought for sure you had guessed, and. . . ."

She dropped her face to his shoulder and put one arm across his chest and drew herself close to him. For a moment she was very still but Davy Crockett, lifting his head stared at her in bewilderment and one of his hands hovered above her head as if impelled to rest there and yet fearful of doing so. She asked:

"Will it be long, now, before you can get up?"

"A week, the doctor says."

She lifted her face.

"And there's nothing to hold you here, in Detroit, now?"

"Nothing"—with a wistful smile.

"And you'll come with me? To a cabin in the birches, with the Blueberry chuckling past and a white-throat singing in a balsam tip. . . .?"

"—with the Blueberry chuckling past and a white-throat singing in a balsam tip—."

He closed his eyes and dropped his head to the pillow and drew a breath like a sob.

"With you, Rhea? You want me to go with you? And have all that . . . . at first hand?"

"I do. And this . . . . at first hand," she said as she raised her body that her lips might reach his.

Converting Conservators

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

President of the Outlook Company.

A LETTER has just come to me telling of the conversion of a conservator of fish to the use of the barbless hook. When I say conservator I mean a man who in the past has kept almost all the fish that he caught. He has held on to fish almost as tenaciously as some people hold on to dollar bills. Not infrequently he has been seen trolling with bait and fly-casting at the same time. His motto seems to have been, as one of my friends put it, "Let no guilty fish escape." Now he has been converted to barbless hooks and the barbless idea. The conversion was sudden and I think it will be lasting. The conversion would never have taken place if he had not found that barbless hooks held efficiently.

I think that the few people who have tried out barbless hooks and then abandoned them have done so chiefly because they have failed to use the proper pattern of hook. A barbed hook which is comparatively shallow will hold well if the hook once pierces the fish's mouth. The barbless hook should be deeper. The point on a barbless No. 10 should be as long as the point on a barbed No. 8. This point should either be parallel with the shank or else slightly inclined toward the shank. I do not think much of a barbed hook, by the way, the point of which opens out from the shank. It has two objections. The strain does not come in the proper direction for a firm hold, and the point of the hook is also likely to be buried too deep in the fish's mouth. With a small hook the wide open point will sometimes do as much damage as a larger hook with a narrow mouth,—particularly with small trout. With a properly designed needle point hook there is no need to resort to any substitutes for the missing barb.

I wish that more of those who have seen the advantage of the barbless hook in action would write in and tell of their experiences. The field is broad enough, and I know that there are enough users of barbless hooks to fill every issue of the Izaak Walton Monthly with their stories if they cared to write them for publication.

Here is a thought which I throw out for meditation. I was recently talking with a friend with a wide acquaintance in Japan. I asked him what his explanation was for the use of the barbless hook in that far away land. He replied, "it seems to me quite simple. The Japanese have developed and used the barbless hook because they eat live fish and have found that the barbed hook injures the fish in the catching." This explanation was offered only as a surmise but it may have considerable bearing on our hopes of keeping our own fish alive for future generations,—alive for our descendants to catch even if they fry them before they eat them.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

(The ensuing paper by Mr. M. D. Hart, Secretary of the Dep't of Game and Inland Fisheries of Virginia, was read at the last annual meeting of the American ***Society Fisheries*** *at Madison, Wisconsin. A few pertinent paragraphs of his paper are presented here, including an original suggestion that certain unpolluted streams should be set aside, permanently, for angling and recreational purposes)*

Pollution of Inland Streams

By M. D. HART

"THE subject of stream pollution is a burning issue in every eastern state. The habitats of the fish, like those of the big game of America, are being taken up for man's use. The fish will have to give way like the bison, the elk, the moose and the antelope. At the sessions of the general assembly of every state in the east it is the rule rather than the exception to find proposed drastic pollution laws submitted for enactment. Heading and pushing these measures are to be found enthusiastic anglers; opposed to them, the various enterprises polluting the streams and destroying the fish life—recreational interests versus money interests. We state game department officials naturally are aligned solidly behind the interests given to our keeping. We appear before legislative committees and lay down the great, fundamental principles that no man or set of men have any moral right to contaminate a natural resource such as water belonging to all of the people any more than they have a right to contaminate the air; that no man or set of men, by the same token, have the right to use the water unless they return it to its natural beds or channels in the same purity as when taken by them. But we get nowhere, because we assume to lead in these fights when the primary interests, such as the state departments of health and the state departments of agriculture, should be in the vanguard and we poor little Izaak Waltons in the rear guard and commissary department. You might just as well put a six-year-old boy in the ring with Dempsey and expect him to win as to pit all the anglers in any state against all the millions commandeered by these polluting industries.

"I am fundamentally against unnecessary pollution. I am fundamentally in favor of manufacturing industries and the use of certain watercourses by them, the damaging refuse to be cared for where possible. Otherwise, to my mind, the feasible solution is to have surveys made of the streams in each state, setting aside certain of them for industrial enterprises and certain of them for recreational purposes. Thus the angler will not be denied his health-giving outings, and on the other hand your industrial enterprises will be relieved of that constant fear that they will be put out of business by some legislative act.

"I do not know that anybody ever suggested this plan before. I am satisfied that in some of our eastern states it would not work; for in some of them nearly every stream is polluted. But there are states—Virginia, for instance—which have some open streams, and it is just a question of time when something will be done which will result in their being polluted. The scheme, therefore, should receive consideration where pollution has not found its way into every stream of a state.

"You gentlemen who are doing so much for the anglers, and to whom the anglers are so much indebted for the scientific work that you are accomplishing, ought to pay some attention to the pollution end of it. The anglers do not seem to organize as the hunters do; the hunters are the men who get legislation, and anglers for the most part come to us when they want anything of that kind. If we will interest the state health departments and the departments of agriculture in this pollution business, I believe we can secure legislation; but until we do we are not going to get anywhere.

"As to the nature of the pollution, or trade waste in our inland streams of which I am speaking, it is at one place, for instance, a sulphite that is doing most of the damage. Our state has taken action to prohibit these mills from emptying their trade waste into our streams, but we have never got anywhere. We have a law prohibiting any man from putting any noxious or deleterious substances into a watercourse whereby the fish therein may be destroyed. But when you take a case into court you have got to have the fish there and you have got to prove that that fish was destroyed by the pollution of which you are complaining. We may have three or four saw-mills on a river where the sawdust is killing the fish. We may produce evidence to show that the fish are being affected by sawdust in the gills, but then we have to prove that the particular saw-mill we are after put that sawdust in the river; and when it comes to a criminal action of that kind—well, you simply cannot do it."

As the only and avowed object of the American Fisheries Society is to promote the cause of fishculture and the fisheries, and likewise to treat all questions of a scientific and economic character regarding fish, it would seem that the foregoing paper should naturally have

The Effect of Pollution on Oysters and Ducks

Reprint from the Dearborn Independent, July 14, 1923.

THE largest seed-oyster supply in the world, in the James River, Virginia, is threatened with destruction because of the effects of pollution of the water. Last December and on April 10, of 1923, wild ducks were picked up helpless on the New Jersey coast at Cape Bay. The oil-coated waters gummed the feathers of the birds and prevented them from flying. Inland waters are also polluted by factory waste, causing the death of thousands of fish."

I HAVE traveled the length of most of our Eastern Iowa streams in a canoe, and the state is going to make a serious mistake unless some immediate action is taken to preserve the natural beauty and resources of the wonderful streams that we have.

Judge Geo. W. WOOD, Pres. Iowa Division, I. W. L. A.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

been discussed freely, especially at a time when the fishery resources of the nation are threatened with annihilation through the great menace of pollution of public waters.

Although there were more than fifty members present at this meeting there were but a few remarks made by two members, and those were of a somewhat derogatory nature. A member from Massachusetts said:

"It is useless for us to discuss this pollution matter unless we take into our confidence or into our conferences the business men and those whose interests would be affected by any legislation that might have the effect of hampering or wiping out certain industries. We know that you cannot combat big business when it is established three or four miles each side of a river. It is of no use for us to think that we can put that business out of the way for the sake of a few fish; it simply cannot be done, and it would not be good judgment to try it."

A member from Connecticut who had previously had a conference with Mr. Hart about a bill introduced in the Legislature of Virginia said:

"I told Mr. Hart that I was sorry they had introduced a bill which it would be impossible to enforce without killing industry. It seems to me that all our work in connection with the purification of our waters must be devoted to a study of the problems involved and of methods of taking care of the wastes which cause pollution!"

I have much admiration and an affectionate regard for the American Fisheries Society, inasmuch as I am one of its oldest members, and at one time served as its president; but I was much mortified and very sorry to see that so little attention was paid to so important a matter as that outlined in the paper of Mr. Hart. But I have not lost faith in our Society and I am sure that it will show more interest in the future to the great problem of pollution, and that in all questions regarding the conservation of fish it will hew to the line of its avowed duty, let the chips fall as they may.

THE Fox river in Illinois, once one of the most famous fly fishing streams in the country, now suffers exceedingly from pollution until the waters where once experts from England and Scotland used to gather, now are inhabited by few game fishes. Portions of the stream, however, still provide some of the best black bass fishing in Illinois, and to place the entire stream on a par with the few remaining pure stretches is the work of the Fox river division of the League.

The Rhyme of the River

Reprint from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Aug. 24, 1923.
By Fred Charles
(Staff Correspondent)

POLLUTION of Cuyahoga river by sewage from Akron, which halted the progress of the All-Ohio Plain Dealer canoe bound from Lake Erie to the Ohio river, is to cease.

This is the best news that Nelson Budd and I, who are making the voyage, have to report tonight. We know that it will bring joy to residents of Brecksville, Boston Mills, Peninsula and Everett, who have been begging us for two days, "For goodness sake, write something about the condition of the river. Our protests are not heeded."

A new sewage disposal plant is in process of construction at Botzum, twelve miles down the river, city officials declared today, and they promised that the work would be rushed, although probably two years will be necessary to complete it. Sewage is to be conveyed to the plant down the old canal bed, and over the bed will be built a fine boulevard that may extend eventually all the way to Cleveland.

The entire town of Botzum has been purchased by Akron and the plant to be built there, and which is expected to turn the sewage into the river colorless and odorless and free from bacteria, will cost $1,500,000. The condition of the Cuyahoga has gone beyond a nuisance. It is a menace to life, and the city has had to take steps by the state board of health.

A-A-AH!!
1. HAPPY LITTLE RIVER, RUSHING TO THE SEA, FULL OF GAMEY FISHES, HUNGRY AS CAN BE
O-O-OH!!
2. PRETTY LITTLE RIVER, RIPPLING O'ER THE SAND; EVERY VIEW A PICTURE— GOSH! AIN'T NATURE GRAND!
WHE-E-E!
3. GUESS I'LL GO A-FISHIN', WHERE'S MY HOOKS AND LINE?! TAKE A SHORT VACATION IN GOD'S SWEET SUNSHINE—
POLLUTION PLANT
WHEW!
4. SOMEONE'S BUILT A FACTORY ON THE OTHER SHORE FISHES GONE TO HEAVEN— RIVER IS A SEWER

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

He stood crouched over, both hands on the reel.

The Nut

By FRANK STICK

THAT the ocean, in its sublime immensity, with its unfathomed mysteries, its uncharted depths, has a universal attraction for all classes, for all ages, and for every type of man and woman, no one will deny. In the years I have spent wandering up and down our coasts, partly in search of sport of rod and reel, but mainly, I think, to satisfy an inner craving which it is difficult for me to put a name to, I have met, and I have frequently made friends with characters as strange and unusual, and, I might add, as interesting, as ever were pictured in the pages of a novel. But the strangest I think, certainly the most unexplainable, was that impossible personality who dropped in upon us, at our camp by the Inlet, and who, after spending a day and a part of a night in our company, disappeared even more suddenly than he arrived. We, because he was loath to divulge his name, remember him as the Nut, but sometimes, as I look backward, I feel that perhaps his actions were governed by a motive beyond our understanding, and that the name might better have been bestowed upon his hosts.

There were three besides myself, in the party, Bill, and Joe and Al, and as good fellows and as satisfying companions as their names would indicate. Because I claimed to know the meandering channel, I held the tiller of the Seabright dory on the ten mile journey to the Inlet. And partly because the gods of chance were kind to me, and partly because I had sufficient presence of mind to claim I was taking a short cut, whenever we chanced to scrape bottom, my reputation as a pilot became firmly established.

This particular trip was to combine the joys of surf fishing, and the somewhat milder delights that come from bringing tide runners to boat with light tackle. It was our intention to fish the surf through the day, and at night, to run inside, catching what sleep we could between times in the pup tents pitched on a low sand dune, back from the beach.

Camp established and lunch disposed of, we straggled down the beach, each going his separate way in search of likely holes, as is the way of your true surfman. I hied me to a bar, which jutted far out into the ocean, where on more than one occasion I had made good catches of bluefish and bass.

I think there are few spots on the Jersey coast with a happier or a more romantic setting than Barnegat Inlet. Here is a deep channel a mile or more across, and leading out to the blue water. To the south rises the ancient lighthouse, condemned on more than one occasion, when the inroads of the harrying tides made its destruction seem inevitable, but still standing, and still sweeping its ribbon of light across the wastes of waters, though the waves lap at its very base. Back of the lighthouse, a small cluster of dwellings, weather scarred and storm riven, but more interesting to me than any of the populous beach resorts that lie nearer home. On the north is a wide beach, running back a mile or so to the dunes, and back of the dunes, a wilderness of stunted pines and rank grass. The Inlet itself affords good fishing for the boatman, and the north beach, with its cuts and sloughs and bars, attracts the bass and lesser varieties of finny creatures, sometimes in vast numbers.

However, on this day the water did not look particularly good for either stripers or bluefish. It rolled in lazily, in long greasy swells, to break with a thud on the beach. I like the sonorous and continued roar, as each crashing wave follows close on the heels of another, when I am fishing for blues. But I was there to fish, and so I fastened on a metal squid, and cast industriously up and down the beach for better than an hour. Never a touch rewarded me, and so I changed to bait, on the chance of hooking into a channel bass, though it was still too early in the season for me to place any great confidence in the undertaking. Some small fish nibbled my bait, and after a while I caught one of those odd fellows called a blow fish, who came in with gasping jaws and swelling sides, to be released and returned to his native element, where he, or a brother, almost

One of us invited the Nut to stay for dinner, though I insist I had nothing to do with it.

immediately rewarded this humanitarian act by stealing my bait again. But I did not care greatly, for the sun was warm to my back, and the water washed in slithers of foam around my feet, and I knew that sooner or later some worthy fish would come to my hook, and so I was reasonably content.

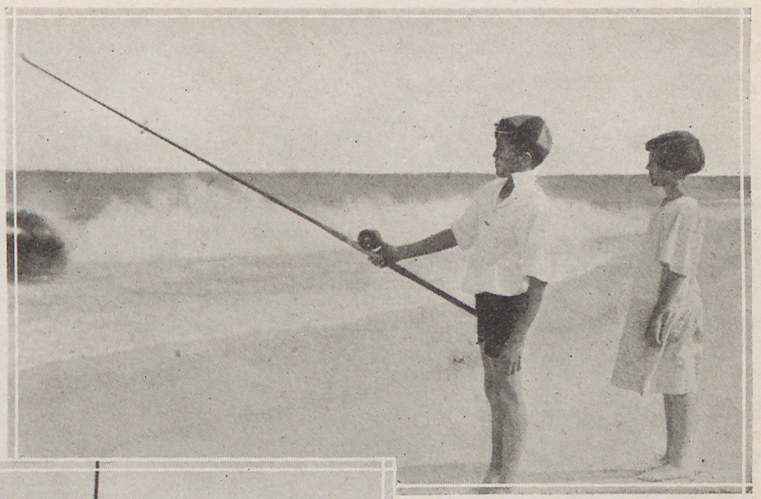
As I sat there on a bit of wreckage, I had my first sight of the Nut.

A dash of vivid red first attracted my attention, and I was forced to blink my eyes rapidly, several times, before I could focus them on the object which had intruded into my field of vision. Then I made it out. It was a man, no question about it, but of a type, and in a garb that had never been seen on this beach since those far off days, when Captain Kidd, and his roystering crews infested our coast. He was dressed in a shirt of glaring red and white checks, above a pair of trunks of vivid green. Knees, sunburned to a degree of pinkness that almost matched the hue of his upper garments, peeped coyly forth, above a pair of rolled down waders, which flapped against his legs as he walked. His features, as he approached, I saw were regular enough and pleasant enough, but in his eyes was the glare of one who sees visions. On his physical attributes I shall dwell lightly, and will only mention that his chest seemed to have sagged, somewhat. He carried a brand new surf rod in his hands, and as he came up to me, I mastered my emotions sufficiently to put the usual greeting.

"Any luck," I asked him.

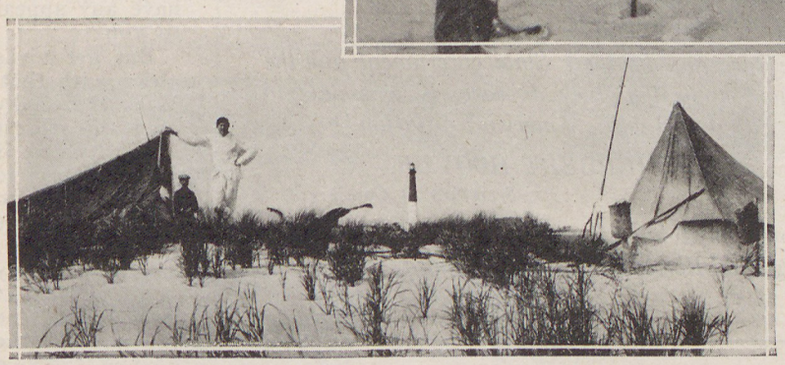
His answer, the invariable, "not yet," convinced me that he might be a fisherman at heart, regardless of his attire.

He asked me several questions regarding the fishing at this point, and I answered to the best of my ability. He must have noted my interested regard of his outfit, for presently he explained that he was new to surf fishing, though he had done considerable angling for sea fish,—sole and periwinkles, I believe it was,—on the other side. He added that he always made it a rule to read up on the different sports he went in for, and that before undertaking this particular expedition, he had studied a volume called "The Howl of the Serfs," or some such name, which had been recommended. He said he had gotten some valuable pointers out of it, but to quote from his own words, "it was bally sketchy in spots." He said the book suggested a light flannel shirt, felt hat, rubber boots, etc., as being the proper thing for beach wear, but that trousers were not mentioned, so, being a gentleman, he had compromised on a pair of trunks. He added that he found them a bit scratchy, but he thought he would in time accustom to their use, having worn a similar garment while hunting chamois in the Alps. On this occasion I learned he had made absolute messes of his knees, through falling on jagged rocks, which were much worse than sunburn, "positively." I showed him something about rigging up, and casting, and after a few attempts he got his bait into the undertow, and sat down on my wreckage, with an expectant look in his eyes, and a firm grasp on the rod.



The ocean has an appeal to all ages.

Bill baiting up.



The tent was pitched on a low dune.

There was little chance of any fish other than a flounder taking his bait, where it lay, and so, when in the course of a half hour or so, I saw his rod dip downward in a violent strike, I was more surprised than my companion. "This will be good," I said to myself, and while I shouted to him to give the fish line, I snatched up my camera, and pressed the bulb. Then I looked at my subject.

He stood crouched over, both hands frozen to the reel, and an expression, not of surprise or excitement, but one of unalloyed joy on his features. His rod swayed violently under the surge of some powerful fish, but not an inch of line would he yield, and even as I called to him to "let it run," there was the crack of breaking tackle, and the tension thus suddenly released, the Nut fell backward on the sand.

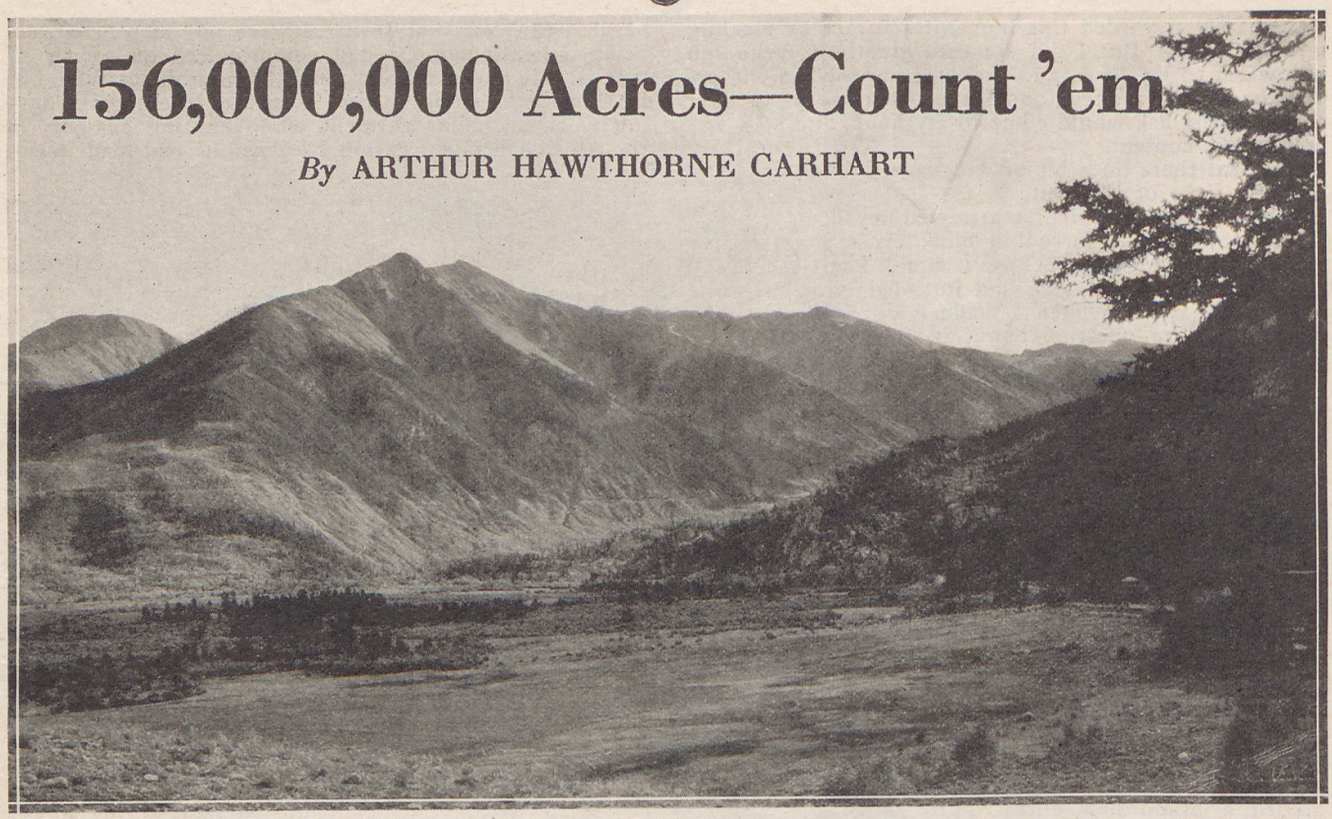
Even the expression of utter woe on his face could not prevent me from relieving my feelings with a few terse, biting sentences, which had to do with handling a big fish. I was so disgusted, in fact, that I shouldered my tackle, and took my way toward camp. It was getting late anyway, and the bars were showing, so I knew that the fishing was over for the day. I had not gone a great ways, when I heard a flapping noise behind me, and there was the Nut at my heels. When I came in sight of the tents, I saw that my companions were ahead

(Continued on page 123)

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

156,000,000 Acres—Count 'em

By ARTHUR HAWTHORNE CARHART



Twin peaks, Leadville National Forest

WELL, say! Old Timer, I'm glad to see you. Put her there.

Dawggone you look good. Where you been? Oh, yes, I did hear you had gone for a pack trip in the Washakie Forest. Great Place. Wildest piece of mountain land on the East Slope.

That reminds me. . . . .

Take a chair. No, take that easier one over there. Want you to be comfortable, for I've got some stuff to chew over with you. Get out your pipe, fill her up and put your feet on the desk if you want to. This is serious business I want to talk over with you.

Now listen here, Bill, you know all of the stewing and fuming that has been done about public shootin' grounds. It is all mighty good plunder, but say, do you realize that we've missed the biggest game in the whole flock? No?

Well, I'll try to elucidate.

All the time we have been trying to get bills by a bunch of dollar-blind congressmen who can't see the value of a day in the open or a week on a fishing trip, to buy federal public shooting grounds we have been letting a regular whopper of a set of shooting grounds paddle around without ever giving them a thought. Yes, we sure have missed the biggest game in the whole mess.

Do you know that you and I and Ed Brown and the rest of the gang are equal owners with every other man, woman and child in the country in a block of land which adds up to the dizzy total of 156,000,000 acres? It's a fact. It is in the National Forest system of the country. Yes, I said 156 million. You got it right. It's about twenty times the area that is in our National Parks and unlike the Parks a fellow can hunt inside the forests under the state law. The biggest game ranges of the west are in these nationally owned places.

You can't grasp the size of that piece of property? Well, I'll tell you. It is about 3⅓ times the size of Delaware, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Vermont and Ohio combined. If you consolidated it and plopped it down on Ireland and Great Britain it would cover them twice over and have enough to cover Porto Rico to boot. Now, do you get it? That amount of public shooting grounds have any appeal to you?

But get this along with that. We already own this forest land. There is no legislation to put through to get it set aside for public use. That is already accomplished. It is open to the public and the Forest Service which has it in charge welcomes good campers.

Now here is another point that is worth spreading to the winds. Every fellow and his dog can get to one in about a day's ride by rail. These National Forests are scattered around all over the nation. There is one in Florida. There are some more in the Carolinas, Virginia, New Hampshire, in Arkansas, in Michigan, Minnesota and even in the sand hills of Western Nebraska.

Say, Bill, some of the best chicken raising ground I ever saw was in the Nebraska forest—a stand of baby trees growing in the sand hills where the wise heads said there wasn't a chance in the world for trees to grow. The grass cover under the little trees is just full of half grown birds along in the late summer. There are a lot of them nest there. And the whole shooting match is in a game sanctuary. It's a great big game

"UNTIL the people care and let their State government and the National government know that they do care, it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with any Outdoor America legislation."

HERBERT HOOVER,
Secretary of Commerce.

Let your government know that you want the Superior National Forest boundaries extended.

farm as well as being a forest. She'll act in this capacity in one of two ways. Either this area may be held as a breeding ground and the surplus hunted in the territory around or there may be a chance to open up public shooting at stated periods to take the surplus.

You know about the Kiabab Forest, don't you, Bill? It's that million acres of yellow pine land down in southern Utah and northern Arizona that some superconservationists have been trying to get considered as an addition to the Grand Cañon National Park. I doubt the advisability of this, Bill, because it is really not a big scenic masterpiece from all I hear and can get from authentic sources. But down there they have had a game sanctuary for some years and now the deer are getting so thick that they are wondering what to do with them. The game range is nearly stocked to the limit. Someone has proposed that permits be issued to a certain number of sportsmen each year to take the surplus increase.

Say, Boy, does this sound like sane conservation? I should say it does. Big game existing in quantity in 2000 as well as 1923. For it means that with proper protection there will be preserved for the generations to come some of the outdoor sport of hunting that you and I have darned near missed because the fellows about fifteen or twenty years back thought the game supply was inexhaustible.

Excuse me, I got off the track on the Nebraska Forest and the Kiabab. Just wanted to tell what has happened in those two forests. They are only about 1/100 of the area we have in this system of forests that you and I own. But they do give some idea of what the National Forests mean to the fellows who care for game and its perpetuation.

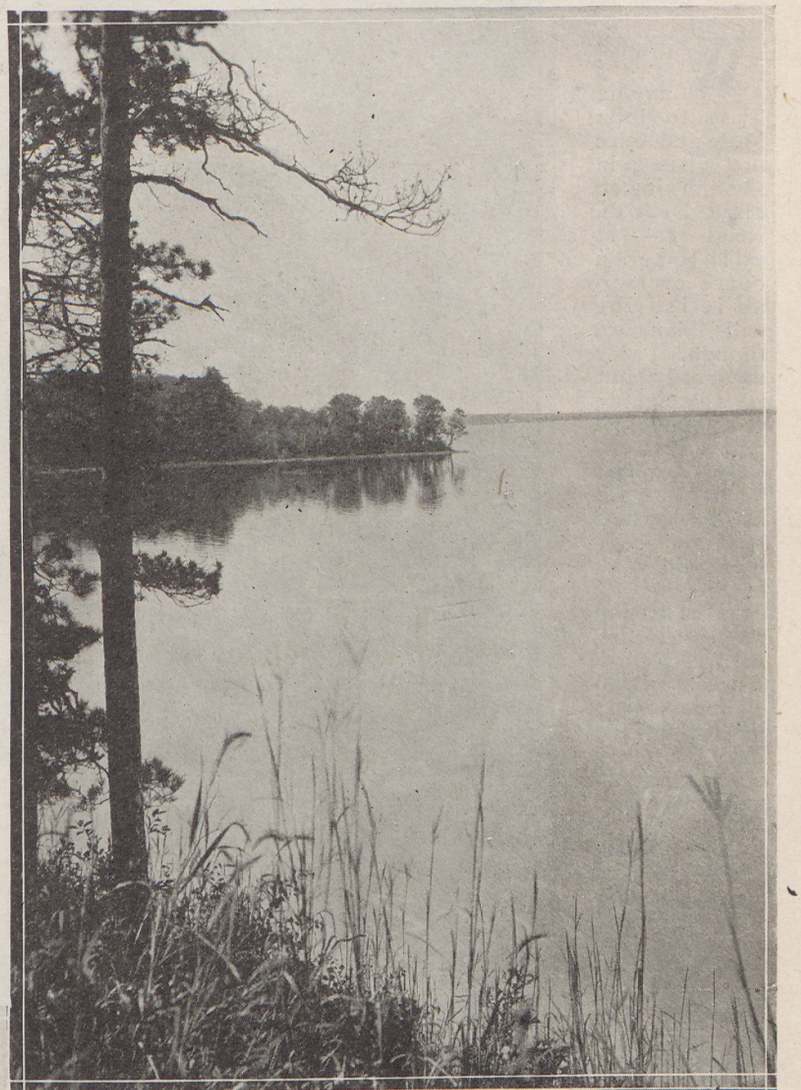
Most of these forests are in the western mountains. One of the most beautiful is the Superior in Minnesota. Just got a letter from Will Dilg today that he is going up there. Bet he never hoped to see such game and fish as he will see there. The Superior is a National Forest and a gem.

Say, there is an important thing about the Superior. There is a move on to extend the boundaries. Ought to be done. Should have three or four times as much land in it as we have now. Land is not good for anything but growing timber, sheltering game and making a regular 100% outdoor paradise for the people of the upper Mississippi basin. Get your shoulder to this project if you have a chance. Tell your congressman it is a good thing. You may make him believe it.

But what I started out to say is that here we have

(Continued on page 122)

Cass Lake in the Minnesota National Forest



A canoe trail in the Superior National Forest

John Moreland on the Upper Mississippi

Fourth installment of the continuation of John Moreland, Fisherman, which ran in this magazine in the issues of Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1922.

By WILL H. DILG

Photo Courtesy Leicht Press, Winona, Minn.

John Moreland Himself.

"WE must get my big bass to John Moreland the first thing in the morning so that he can weigh it — it will lose an ounce or two as it is. He will, I know, though, take my word about its weighing five pounds and two ounces, still I want him to see it at the earliest moment possible," said Walter Strong.

"I'm betting they are below us as I have a hunch Bill Pohlman has lit out for the Winneshiek country," answered Nate Ward.

"All right, we'll first search for them down river — only let's have an early breakfast and start out just as soon as it's light enough to see to steer the launch. I want to go along this time and show Moreland my big fish myself," said Strong.

"I guess he'll quit and pay up when he sees that five pound bass," remarked Nate.

"Quit, hell, not he, John Moreland never quits and doesn't know the taste of defeat. He'll do just what I would do—fight it out till the season's over. My big bass will only make him more determined to win."

"That five thousand dollar bet is as good as won. I'm willing to bet my season's pay on it and if Bill Pohlman wants a good bet he can sure have it. Bill's too wise though to put up any money against our fish. He knows five pound, two ounce black bass aren't caught every day and here we are within a few days of September with the best of the season behind us. No, Bill Pohlman is too wise a bird to bet against our big fish," said Nate.

"What time in the morning do you think we can get started?" asked Strong.

"It's plum light by four-thirty and if it's not too foggy we should be under way by five o'clock sharp," answered Nate.

"Well, let's turn in and get to sleep," said Strong.

"It's 'lights out' just as soon as you undress," sleepily replied Nate.

By four-thirty next morning Lars Peterson had breakfast on the table, and sixty miles down river Pete Lafitte also had breakfast ready.

"Well, ole fren', I tell you long tame dare beeg bass in de Winneshiek. You and Bill mus' get dat beeg fish dis morn.' I wan' win dat one hundred tirty dollair I bet dat Swede, Lars Peterson," said Pete.

Just as Walter Strong and Nate stepped into the launch Lars Peterson shouted out: "Please tell dot Frenchman, Pete Lafitte, dot Lars Peterson say 'ha-ha-ha,' just like dot — 'ha-ha-ha' just like dot. Many times I say it."

Both Strong and Nate smiled as they stepped into the launch. "Give her every bit she's got in her, Nate," said Walter Strong as he sat back in his chair. Perfect contentment with all the world shone on his face as the Victory shot down river at better than twenty-five miles per hour.

By five o'clock John Moreland and Bill Pohlman were making their way through the pearly grey morn to the spot of spots, where the mighty bass of the evening before had located his headquarters. Never had two fishermen started forth in higher hope and never had God made a more ideal morning for a fly fisherman. The black birds were out in force—kingfishers shot up and down the river like blue flames—a muskrat crossed the river just ahead and squirrels were chattering in the tree tops. The anglers saw and heard bass working on the banks but they did not think of pausing. These two had no time for just bass—they were after one big bass—the King bass of the river, every day, plain bass had no attraction.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

As Bill pulled hard on the oars so that they might cover the half mile quickly and not lose a second of such a fishing morning, John Moreland said: "I dreamed of that big bass last night. I hooked it in my dream and after hours of fight he broke my leader. I waked up in a sweat."

"So did I dream of him," said Bill, "only in my dream we got him."

"Dream or no dream, something tells me we are going to hook that big bass," said Moreland, "and we are going to stick to the old lunker till we do get him, even if it takes all summer. I wouldn't sell out my chances of getting this big fish for half the bet paid over right now!"

"That's the way to talk," said Bill. "I've got a hunch we're going to get that old he-bass and it's a cinch if we do get him that we win."

Little did John Moreland and Bill Pohlman know, as they were so confidently starting forth, that Walter Strong and Nate Ward were clipping it off at twenty-five miles per hour in search of them and that resting on a bed of green moss they carried an old warrior which exceeded the weight of their four pound, two ounce, fish of a week ago by an even pound.

"We're pretty close to that little slough, aren't we?" asked Moreland. "Now, what fly do you think I had better try first?"

Bill rested on his oars and carefully looked over Moreland's abundant supply of bass bugs and wounded minnows. "I like that silver bodied Brann's Glory," he said. "There is just enough yellow in it and it looks like 'the goods' to me—I'd try it anyhow."

"On she goes!" said Moreland.

As they drew close to the lair of the big bass they saw hundreds of bass working on minnows. For a space of eighty feet the water was threshed into a foam by the plunging fish. So eager were the feeding bass that minnows could be seen flecking the black clay bank, the bass in their smashing attacks throwing the small fish upon the bank. Here a wise and lucky black bird marched up and down the bank and pounced upon the minnows the instant they were cast up.

"My, what a sight, but I don't think any of those fish are as big as that one last evening," said Moreland. And as he spoke his eyes were glued to the spot where the giant bass of the evening before had been barely pricked. Suddenly the water rose into a foam and a wham, bang, sounded out sharply.

"There he is—now, shoot out your fly at the spot where he came up," directed Bill.

The big fish saw Moreland's fly and plunged at it and as he struck he came half out of the water.

"Missed it clean," said Bill.

Again and again Moreland cast his feathered minnow but without getting another rise from the big bass. Occasionally though, and in spite of himself he would hook a two or three pound bass and then he would savagely fight the fish until the rod creaked in his anxiety to land the fish quickly so that he might again try for the king bass. Everything being relative, Moreland had no time but for the big one.

"I'm fishing for the Royal family and I haven't time for any fish but that old king of the river," he said.

To add to his distress, it seemed that each time he was fighting a smaller fish the old monster bass would be particularly active. His smashing rushes after the minnows sounded as fiercely as a war-time Big Bertha booming forth.

"These bass are all babies when compared to that big old whopper," said Bill.

"I know it," answered Moreland, and as he spoke again the king of the Winneshiek bottoms exploded the water into a foam.

Fly after fly was tried without avail. Often it seemed that Moreland's feathered lures actually touched the old bass as he tore up the water, and often he showed his whole body as he smashed at the minnows.

John Moreland had now been casting steadily for nearly an hour and his wrist and casting arm ached from the work. "Let's rest up a bit," he said. And so Bill pulled the boat to the opposite shore. As they rested they watched the spot where the Monarch bass of the river had established his headquarters, and they could see what an ideal place it was for a big fish. The clay bank of the river here took a sudden bend which permitted the big fish to rest in easy water just at the edge of the rushing current, giving it a chance to see everything as it passed down river.

Bill, after studying the bank, said: "The river is at a standstill and will remain at this stage of water for a week or ten days and that means that our bass will stick to that dandy spot until the river goes down. I don't think though we had better try for old man John Bass any more this morning. The sky is too clear and there are no minnows running as you can see. Better wait till evening, is my advice. No doubt of the old boy's being right here."

"All right, let's call it off for this morning," answered John Moreland.

Bill pulled out of the slough into the big river. As they were slowly making for the house boat, Bill looked up river and saw Walter Strong's launch, The Winner, in sight and called Moreland's attention to the rapidly moving boat.

"I wonder where The Winner is bound for?" he said.

John Moreland turned around and saw The Winner coming down stream at full speed.

"I bet they have caught a big bass and are looking for us," he said. "Better stand up and hail them when they get close enough."

Bill stood up and waved his hat. Nate Ward saw him and saluted with his whistle.

The Warrior

SCANT in beauty or grace is he;
Blunt and squat as a fish can be,
With a traplike jaw and a broad breast full
Of the muscles and thews of a little bull;
Broad, stout fins and a broad, stout tail,
And a chunky body in tarnished mail,
But the God of all fishermen held him dear,
And gave him a heart—and omitted fear.

A surly, defiant, courageous mass,
Of war and no quarter is he, the bass.

FROM the stalwart spines of his back fin's crest,
To the heavy scales of his mighty chest,
He is packed with the spirit of come what may,
A corseleted warrior, loving the fray.
They know full well who have met his ire,
That his fishy form holds a heart of fire;
A red hot heart that has learned aright,
The valiant gospel of fight, fight, fight.

Truculent, up through the water grass,
Swims his highness, the mighty bass.

THE wolfish pickerel, green and pearl,
Comes to your lure with a mighty swirl,
Out of his ambush beneath a log,
And tugs—and quits like a beaten dog,
But the black bass strikes with a burst of spray,
And bangs and batters his life away,
To the screeching reel and the perilous bend,
Of the rod he resists to the bitter end.

Not an inglorious way to pass,
Is the death of the gasping, unbeaten bass.

Anonymous.

"They're looking for us, all right," he said, as The Winner slowed down and changed her course to their side of the river. Soon the two rivals saw each other and each waved as Bill pulled his boat up to The Winner.

"Hello, John," said Strong.

"Hello, Walter. Thought we had lost you—what's up?" inquired Moreland.

"We've got the winning fish and I came down to show it to you," said Strong.

"Not yet—the season's not over. I scratched a fish last evening at sundown that spells PAY DAY. I know just where he holds forth and I'm going to keep fishing for him till I get him. Bill here says he's the King bass of the river and I believe he is all of that," tartly answered John Moreland, with a challenge in his voice.

"Step in The Winner and let me show you my bass," said Strong. "You never saw a bass anything like this, old boy." The confident ring in Strong's voice was far from music to Moreland. "Step in, John, and feast your eyes on a real He bass."

"All right, trot him out," said Moreland as he climbed over the side of the boat and sat down.

Nate, after giving the wheel to Bill, brought forward the regular Upper Mississippi fly fisherman's ice box and with a smile raised the lid. There, lying flat on a cake of ice cut the exact size of the box, lay Walter Strong's twenty-four-inch bass.

John Moreland gazed at it in silence for a full minute before he spoke.

"That's a big fish, what will it weigh?" he asked.

"Five pounds and exactly two ounces," said Strong.

"Not big enough," said Moreland. "I'm going to beat it by at least a pound. I scratched a bigger fish than that last evening. Got one jump out of it. He's still there—saw him a dozen times this morning."

"You don't want to press that bet of ours any, do you?" asked Strong with a snap.

"I wouldn't mind," said Moreland. "Let's make our little bet ten thousand instead of five?"

"You're on," said Strong.

"Let's shake on it," said John Moreland.

They shook hands in silence but at that particular moment it was quite of the same order as when Dempsey and Firpo shook hands before the big championship fight at the Polo grounds.

"I'm willing to bet Bill five hundred that we win," announced Nate Ward.

"I'll take you," snapped Bill.

"Shake on it," said Nate.

"Shake it is," said Bill.

To say, as goes the usual fishing story, "the fight was on" would be putting it mildly.

(To be continued)

"An honest angler now with God"—*Izaak Walton*

August 5, 1923.

WITH another member I arrived here yesterday and found the record of this season's kill of salmon, thus far. It has been a notable year for our little river. Among the entries, thus far completed, are the following:

Samuel Hopkins	...31,	Largest 25 lbs.
Chester S. Lord	53,	Largest 22 lbs.
James C. Greenway	.13,	Largest 20 lbs.
Max Farrar	39,	Largest 30 lbs.
Elwood Worcester	..64,	Largest 32 lbs.
Henry Van Dyke	...52,	Largest 29 lbs.
S. Wright	51,	Largest 32 lbs.

Then I came to the entry opposite the name of Gard T. Lyon—a member since 1886:

ARRIVED, JUNE 21
DEPARTED, JULY 1
"Nox finit diem, auctor finit opus"

Yes, "Gard" Lyon died here, and there seems to be a hush of stillness in these woods, and the little river, he loved and visited for over 40 years, flows gently by the window of his room. He was a man! Nearly six feet four, yet graceful with a heart suited to his frame, a soul that retained the faith and hope of a little child. For years our Secretary,—he was always here, coming in June and leaving late in August. He was known to a wide circle of elect fishermen, for he had a multitude of friends and he is mourned today not alone by the members and guides of the Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club, but especially through the northern tier of counties of New York State, including the Adirondack region. In the record book, under date of July 1, 1923, I find this note signed H. V. D. (Henry Van Dyke.):

"Lyon and I arrived at the Club on June 21, but on the night of June 30 he sat up in a rocking chair because he said his breathing thus was easier. We carried him to bed, and he fell into a quiet sleep. About midnight, I, being on guard in the next room, with the door open into his bedroom, went in and found him still asleep and breathing easier. Half an hour later I went in again. He was dead—had slept away without a pain or struggle, calmly resigned to God's will. I called the household and the guides. We kneeled beside his bed and offered prayers, all joining in thanksgiving for the goodness of our old friend, and earnest petitions for the repose of his faithful spirit in Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour."

Thus endeth the record, as dear Gard Lyon would have it. I wonder whether his gentle spirit does not return unseen to this club room, when the fire burns as usual—and I wonder again whether old Ezekiel did not, after all, have a **true** vision of the lands watered by the streams which shall flow about the New Jerusalem of his dream, upon the banks of which fishers shall stand, the fish shall be "exceedingly many." Who knows what awaits us all—there? Perhaps our friend may still cultivate his gentle art, and wait to welcome brother craftsmen!

(Signed) ALBERT R. LEDOUX,
Vice-President Ste. Marquerite Salmon Club, Rivierre Ste. Marquerite, Tadonsac, P. Q.

In our November Issue
there will appear an editorial
By
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Nature's Playground or Sanatorium?

WHEN the Izaak Walton League of America, through its official publication, asked all lovers of the out-of-doors to appeal personally to the President of the United States to help save the Winneshiek section, the response was prompt and gratifying.

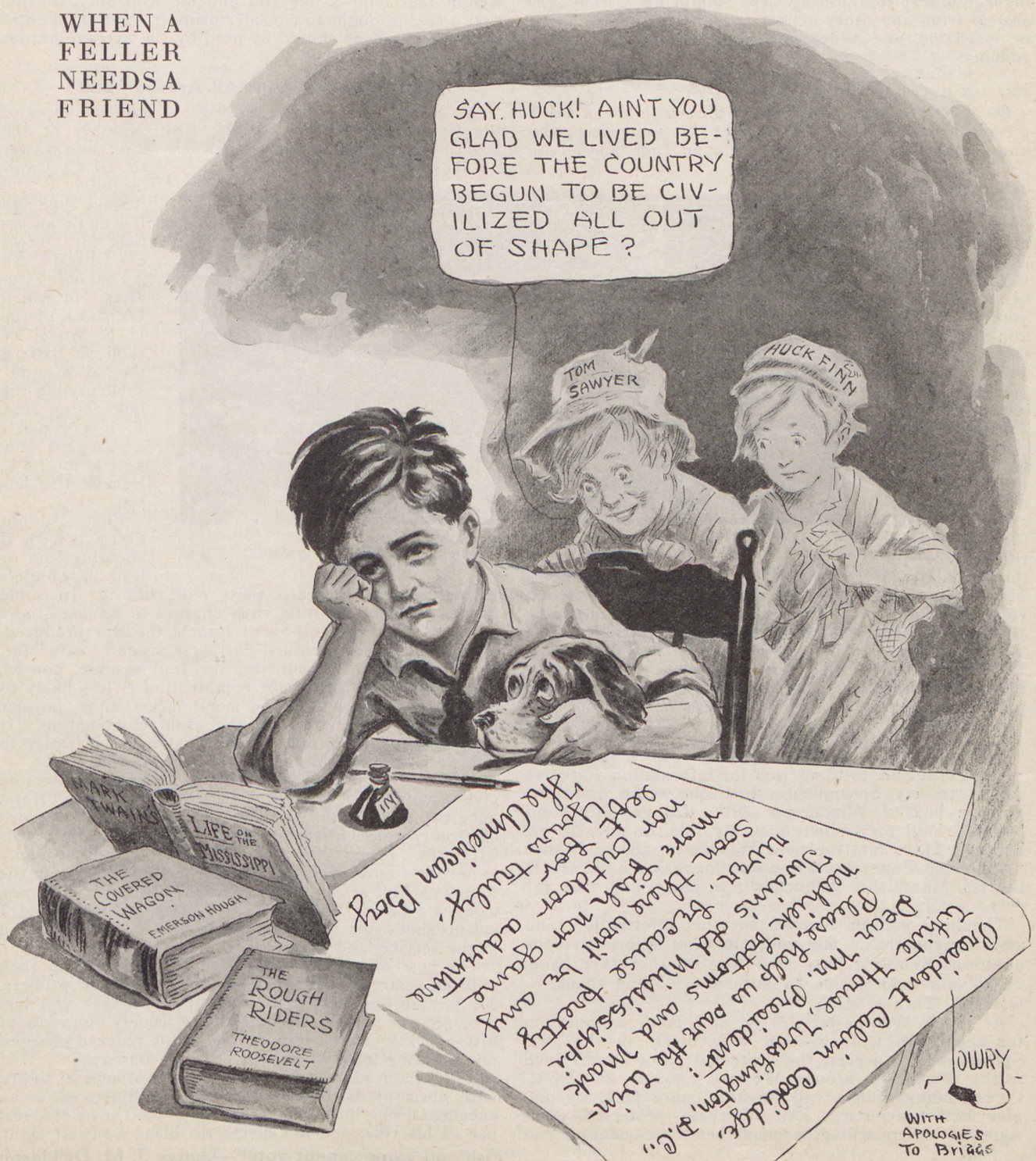
Hundreds of thousands of letters have poured into official Washington from all parts of the country earnestly requesting that not only this prolific spawning bed for black bass be protected, but that the three hundred miles of Upper Mississippi bottom lands, lying between Lake Pepin, Minnesota, and Rock Island, Illinois, be set aside by Congress to remain for all time a jewel of virgin wilderness in the heart of intensive cultivation.

In giving sportsmen and nature-lovers this chance to appeal to President Coolidge the object of the League is to prove to the satisfaction of our lawmakers that the American people are not, in this instance, and in fact, never have been, indifferent to these wholesale grabs of our national resources by private interests.

Had the American people been consulted would they have O.K.'d the denuding of our forests? Or if called in counsel would they have voted "yes" on the polluting of eighty per cent of our running streams? The Izaak Walton League believes they would not, and that is why, in the proposed destruction of this beautiful strip of primeval wilderness, with its attending desecration of an ideally appointed home for fish and wild life, the League urges that you take advantage of this most direct and forceful method of informing your statesmen that you prefer Nature's playground to the private and expensive sanatoriums.

Send in your request that this tract of the Upper Mississippi be made a National Preserve, and let us prove to wild life that if we are its natural enemies, we are, at the worst, but ***friendly enemies.***

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND


SAY. HUCK! AIN'T YOU GLAD WE LIVED BEFORE THE COUNTRY BEGUN TO BE CIVILIZED ALL OUT OF SHAPE?
TOM SAWYER
HUCK FINN
MARK TWAIN
LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI
THE COVERED WAGON
EMERSON HOUGH
THE ROUGH RIDERS
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Calvin Coolidge,
Washington, D.C.
Dear Mr. President:
Please help us save the Upper Mississippi bottoms and bluffs because pretty soon there won't be any more fish or game or outdoor adventure for our boys to enjoy.
Yours truly,
The Lonesome Boy
OWRY
WITH APOLOGIES TO BRIGGS

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Game Rifles

Edited by
M. L. GOCHENOUR

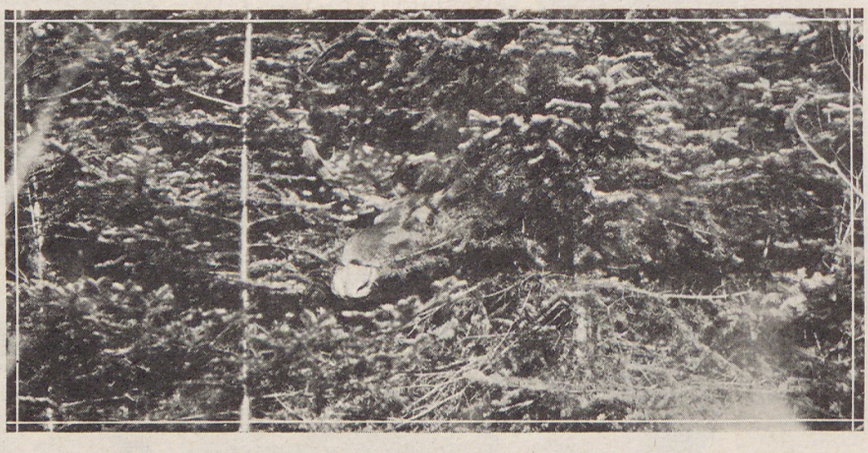
QUESTIONNAIRES

NOT since the April number has space in our little magazine permitted the reappearance of questions, answers and comments on hunting equipment. Nevertheless, all inquiries have been answered promptly, and this month the hunting stores and other features of the Arms and Ammunition Department have been sidetracked for the publication of the communications that are believed to be of most widespread interest. All letters asking information concerning equipment for hunting trips should be written separately from any other matter pertaining to the League or magazine, and addressed to the editor at Warsaw, Indiana.

The Springfield 1903

Q. I am going to ask you to please do me a favor if you will. Call up the Armory or some one who knows, perhaps your sporting editor on guns, and advise if U. S. Springfield Model 1903, No. 1,180,423, is one of the late ones adapted to shoot the .30'06 U. S. ammunition. Thanking you in advance, and if to any expense, advise. Will reimburse you, but must know.—G. A. F., Turner, Mich.

A. The number on your rifle indicates that it is of recent manufacture. My match rifle, made for the National Matches in 1919, bears the number 389,949. Therefore, yours must be a much newer gun. Your rifle will handle all modern factory loads in the .30'06 cartridge. The Western 180 gr. Lubaloy, the U. M. C. and Winchester 180 gr. bronze point, expanding bullets, as loaded at the factory, have all given splendid results in the trials for the department.



Puzzle—Find the Moose—photograph taken by James Oliver Curwood.

Sporting Ammunition for .30'06

Q. Permit me to thank you for information you gave me in re. my Springfield. Just one more question: Have a box of Winchester .30'06, 220 gr. soft point bullets. Will they function in my rifle, or any 220 gr. bullets? Have sent for some Winchester 180 gr. bronze point expanding. Are these fine big game bullets? Is the 6.5 Männlicher Schoenauer a fairly god rifle for deer?

Thanking you in advance for this information, and assuring you that I feel guilty in what seems frivolous questions to ask a busy man—but on the other hand, value your information as authentic. Many thanks.—G. A. F., Turner, Mich.

A. Your Winchester 220 gr. soft point ammunition for the .30'06 will function very nicely in the 1903 Springfield. However, the protected point bullets such as the Winchester bronze, Western Lubaloy, and U. M. C. expanding bullets will function more perfectly and give better accuracy. All of these protected point sporting bullets will give much better penetration and greater shock for their weight than the old-fashioned soft-point bullets. I had some very unsatisfactory experience last fall with the 220 gr. soft-point Lubaloy, and consider the 180 gr. open-point Lubaloy bullet in the boat tail pattern quite the best of the lot. The Remington bullet is most excellent and probably the most accurate. The trouble with the Winchester 180 gr. is the great difficulty found in cleaning the rifle after firing.

The 6.5 Männlicher does not use a bullet of sufficient weight that fellows like you and me who only kill one deer a season ought to consider using it. Nothing lighter than the old 30-30 should be used by the average hunter for northern deer.

The Springfield—An "All Around" Rifle?

Q. I have just finished reading the questionnaires of the Game Rifle column in the April number of the Monthly, and want to take issue with you in your answer to G. C. Cardington.

Some time ago I wrote an article for Outers called "All Around Firearms," in which I spoke of the U. S. Model '06 shell as being the "all around" shell, used in the bolt action rifle. I haven't changed my viewpoint, hence this letter.

First, I doubt very much if shooting lead or lead alloy bullets in a rifle with a sharp twist will ruin it. In some twenty years of shooting such charges in Krags, Model '03 and finally the half-breed Enfield the war produced, I have yet to see a ruined barrel, if properly cared for. From a chemical standpoint, the lead residue, powder residue, steel barrel of rifle combination is less likely to produce corrosion than the metal jacket alloy, powder residue and steel barrel of the usual combination. It is all a matter of proper cleaning, and lead is easier to remove than metal fouling of the copper alloy type.

Again, you mention that reduced charges will seldom give accuracy in a quick twist rifle. Paddy O'Hara, once the best armory shot of the country, has a record of twenty consecutive bull's-eyes at one hundred yards with the Ideal, No. 308,241, bullet (lead-antimony bullet) in a Springfield '03. I have made possibles on the four-inch bull at one hundred yards a number of times, using a "Krag" CARBINE and ordinary sights, and I am no shot—just good enough to rate Expert Rifleman in the service, and no more.

The cost of loading a hundred 1906 shells with such reduced charge is about as follows: 15c for primers, 30c for powder, lead depending upon whether you buy it or recover it from the butts. We usually figure about fifty or sixty cents a hundred shots for reduced charges, not counting labor or cost of tools, of course.

Using reduced charges means a readjustment in sights, both horizontally and laterally. Such adjustment is an excellent thing for the marksman as he learns the real use of his rifle, and not simply to blaze away at sight.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

I am frank to say that if I had not been a left-handed shooter I would have made an excellent record in army shooting, for the years of experience in adjusting sights with reduced charges gave me a good knowledge of their use for full charge work.

Of course, if a hunter doesn't want to reload, the .22 is the better proposition for him, as it is much cheaper than buying factory loaded reduced charges at full charge prices. At N. R. A. prices, however, a person can reload almost as cheaply as he can buy .22 L. R. ctgs. over the counter.

The Government shell gives the following loads:

220 gr. for the heaviest game.
150 gr. for deer, etc.
100 gr. (Savage miniature bronze bullet) for small game.
141 gr. (Ideal, No. 308,241, lead alloy bullet) for woodchuck, etc.
87 gr. (Ideal 32-30 lead bullet) for 25 yd. work, tin cans, etc.

In addition there is the 180 gr. U. M. C. bullet I have never used, together with ten or more other reduced charges, including the 150 gr. service bullet with reduced powder charge, etc. By reloading one can run the gamut from moose to mice with the .30 Government. Isn't this an "all around rifle"?

I realize that you could not advocate reloading for everyone, and hence the .22 rifle plus the H. P. is the stuff for the average hunter. For the "nut" on guns, however, the reloading game is the solution to the "all around rifle," whether it be reloading the .30 Government or some other similar caliber. What do you think?—L. F. P., Belleville, N. J.

A. The wide range of bullets now available for all rifles of true .30 caliber makes it possible for the expert gun "crank," like yourself, to have an "all around" rifle in the Springfield, the Remington .30, or any .30-.30 rifle. However, to use any of these guns for small game requires sufficient knowledge of rifles and ammunition for the user to load his own cartridges. This department was dedicated to the average sportsman, the man who gets into the woods for two or three weeks out of each year, and possibly spends two or three days on the range during the year between hunting trips. For such average hunters we maintain that the "all around" rifle does not exist. For a man like yourself, the expert, scholarly treatise on reloading and reduced loads, such as come from the pen of Major Townsend Whelen, in the "American Rifleman," will more appeal. Our purpose in this department, generally speaking, is to encourage the use of hunting equipment particularly adapted to the quarry sought, and the region to be hunted, with the hope that where life is to be taken, it will be taken cleanly, fairly, quickly, and with the greatest possible certainty of fatality when game is fired at. Your most excellent account of experiments made by you and your friends is keenly appreciated. Because of our belief in its general interest to all hunters and riflemen, it has been reproduced in full.

In your recommendation of bullet weights for the Springfield cartridge you have omitted the best bullets yet developed for that cartridge, viz., the 180 gr. Western Lubaloy, and the 180 gr. bronze-point expanding bullets made by the U. M. C. and Winchester factories. Actual experience with moose and heavier game has convinced me that these cartridges hold together better, give better penetration, and no less shocking power than the 220 gr. soft-point bullets. Moreover, they have a much lower trajectory, with better shocking power at long range, while the difference in sight elevation when using the 180 gr. is so much less than when adjusting from the 150 to the 220 gr. bullets, that for hunting purposes no sight changes are necessary from those found on the range, using the service ammunition with the 150 gr. bullets.

Your mention of the barrel for the 1917 Enfield-Springfield confirms my experience, and that of all the other riflemen whom I am privileged to know. I have never heard of metal fouling, or, in fact, any of the other patent barrel troubles, having developed in the Enfield-Springfield. The Remington Company, in their Model 30, have given to the hunters a rifle far more serviceable, if not indeed more accurate than the Springfield. Certainly this is true, unless the star-gauged Springfield is used for comparison.

The .30-.30

Q. The April number contains an inquiry from "H. W. R.," Eau Claire, Wis. Now who in blazes could this be? I thought I had talked "deer rifle" to everyone in this town who would listen to me. No one could denominate me a gun "crank." My mind is always open and I know that what suits me will not suit everyone. I lay no claim to being a "marvel shot"; however, I confess on the quiet, that I'm not such a bad game getter.

Basing what I say on actual field service, on my own experience and those of my companions under my observation over a period of some eighteen years, my choice would be a 30-30 Winchester, octagonal barrel, Model 1894, full magazine, lever action, or the same style in a .32 special. However, I much prefer the 30-30. The long, fairly heavy barrel has a steadying effect on me, and an unsteadying effect on the deer. Have run the gamut of various deer rifles, but have found none superior to the 30-30. Never, in my experience, have I wounded a deer to my knowledge that got away. Never have I shot more than twice at a deer at any one time. Either a kill was scored, or I refrained from shooting on a chance that I might hit. The thought of a crippled deer would spoil many days of reflection. It isn't necessary. It has been my lot to trail many a deer which some one else had wounded and abandoned. What a high crime to let a bleeding deer go wandering about until he lies down somewhere, stiffens and dies!

But this was to be about rifles. The lever action is much surer and stronger than the slide action. The latter never became a favorite up here in Wisconsin. The carbine is more of a short range weapon. Many of us old-fashioned Deckart worshippers simply must have a fairly long barrel gun. Many times in the last few years I have shot "all around" the Carbine users, and mind you, I'm not an expert shot, although not a poor one.

My contention is, that any man who loves the woods much, and for its own sake, will observe the habits of deer, so that once he enters deer country, he will not, as a general rule, cover much territory. If he hunts

ARMS AND AMMUNITION FAILURES IN BUSH AND FIELD HUNTING STORY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

DUE to lack of space and proper variation, the hunting stories were omitted from the August number. The contest has six numbers yet in which to run. Now, you fellows who have been complaining because there were not more hunting stories in our magazine, dust up your typewriters, fill your pens, and get busy! This magazine and this contest are yours —not the editor's! We want MORE hunting stories, and a greater variety. Send them in at once!

right, he will get close to his game and not find it necessary to try many long shots. It requires pains. One must move studiedly, slowly, meditating on practically every step. He will then come close upon his game. Therein lies the zest of the sport as I view it. One becomes primitive. He matches his cleverness against the deer's. After that, the model or make of your gun makes less difference. I have been close enough to most of my deer to kill them with a little .22, or perhaps a .32.

The febrile symptoms attendant upon the high power craze, are subsiding, the .30-.30 being about my limit in that direction. The .33, which you mention, and the old straight .38 model 1876, are all right. I say that from actual experience. Also the Marlin .44. Personally, however, the .30-.30 appeals to me most as it seems to "come up" better. I use a bar sight, with a nick in it, after the old time Kentucky days, and a gold front sight, tending toward coarse proportions, rather than fine. One fault of the Carbine is that many long armed men find that they swing by their game or find difficulty in steadying down with it on account of absence of weight out towards the muzzle.

Now let me veer away from deer a moment. I have shot black bear in Wisconsin with this .30-.30, and have tumbled them over without difficulty. I will sidestep no black bear with a .30-.30 at hand, and ask for no odds. In Wyoming several years ago I took my share of mountain lion with this same .30-.30, while on the sand hills, covered with scrub oak around Glendive, Mont., this .30-.30 companion has taken a strong toll of bob-cats. Do you wonder that the Model 1894 Winchester suits me?

For all small game I use a Winchester .22 long rifle. However, three years ago, while hunting squirrels near Knapp, Wis., a wolf came to a stop not over fifty feet from me. I registered a square hit behind the right shoulder, but the .22 was too light, considering the exact spot hit, so that brush wolf smashed all speed records in the next few minutes. The bullet probably was deflected on a rib. A head shot was impossible, that member being directly behind the bole of a tree. Of course, an "all around" rifle is simply non-existent, but I do not hesitate to say that this .30-.30 has proved to be a good "all around" weapon for use on game of the light heavyweight class.

Tell "H. R. W." to not ask for too much opinion. Follow the general drift, then pick out your one true love.—R. F. N., Eau Claire, Wis.

A. You are quite right in your comment that the .30-.30 is an ideal rifle for deer and black bear. You will be in love with it still more if you try out the new Western and new U. S. .30-.30 cartridges. The Western Cartridge Company claims to have developed their hunting load for the .30-.30 so that it will move about 2,600 feet muzzle velocity. You should try some of this ammunition on the range before using it for hunting, for it is so much more powerful that it would shoot high as compared with the ordinary .30-.30 ammunition, at the distances deer are usually killed.

Deer Rifles and Sporting .22'

Q. I have been much interested in your answers under this head in April number, because I am also on the hunt. In hunting for deer you'll meet up in a regular country with anything from an old Champion single shot shotgun to the latest heavy automatic high power rifle. What a range! And what results! I met an old man last fall, well into the seventies, who carried one of the first Champion shotguns that the Iver Johnson people got out, and he has a record of twenty-eight deer. The same day I ran up against a younger man from the same camp with his Remington automatic, and no practical results until the last day. Why those "auto" fellows, and lots of others, will plug, plug, 'til out of breath, or until the deer is out of sight, and so far off that the lead never reaches them. Honestly, I believe that the typical gun for our White-tail deer is either the .35 Remington, or 351 Winchester, although I would not own an automatic. I don't shoot to hurt, but to kill outright. Consequently, I pass up a lot of shots. I use a 95 model .30'06 Winchester, with a Vickers-Maxim front, and a Lyman rear for sights. Whatever gets in the way, stops. I've noticed this about the shells with bronze points: that while they shatter bone into very small fragments, but a small amount of meat is hurt, and the outlet hole of the ball can be covered by a thumb-nail. The "all around" gun, of any description, is in name only, whether rifle or shotgun.

Now, you are a little off on the 24 Remington, as that little automatic .22 short is now made for the N.R.A. cartridge, or as the makers claim, for the "Palma" cartridge. I figure both guns, the Sporter and the 24, just as you do. One is too heavy, the other too light and short barreled. The sights for me are N.G. I examined both recently, and the price of the Sporter was $17.00, and the No. 24 was $31.00. My dealer told me I could have his present one for the old price. I shall purchase one of these two, for summer and early fall use, but I've got to make a rear sight. No bar sight for me. I want circular sights 'fore and 'aft. Your eye naturally will do the rest after a few shots.—W. A. H. Adams, Mass.

A. There is little sound basis for your prejudice against the .35 Remington Automatic. The criticism that applies with such force to the use of automatic and pump shotguns does not have the same application to the use of automatic rifles. The .35 Remington cartridge is ideal for deer, and when used in the automatic type of rifle, simply places at the command of the hunter a second shot, ready for instant use, that, if properly and mercifully placed, will often prevent a cripple from escaping to a death of torture. Your selection of sights is excellent for hunting purposes, and if you are accustomed to them, the combination could not be improved upon.

The copy for Questionnaires that appeared in the April number was prepared nearly three months in advance of its appearance. In the meantime, the Remington Company brought out the Model 24 rifle, chambered for the .22 long rifle cartridge. An eleventh hour effort was made to correct the copy but too late. I have been making extensive experiments with the little 24 that uses the long rifle, and have found it equally as accurate as the 24 chambered for the .22 short. Because of the down-take convenience, and the ease with which the mechanism may be removed and cleaned, this little rifle commends itself to the rifle hunter of small game. For partridges, rabbits and

(Continued on page 126)

A Sportsman

By Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr.

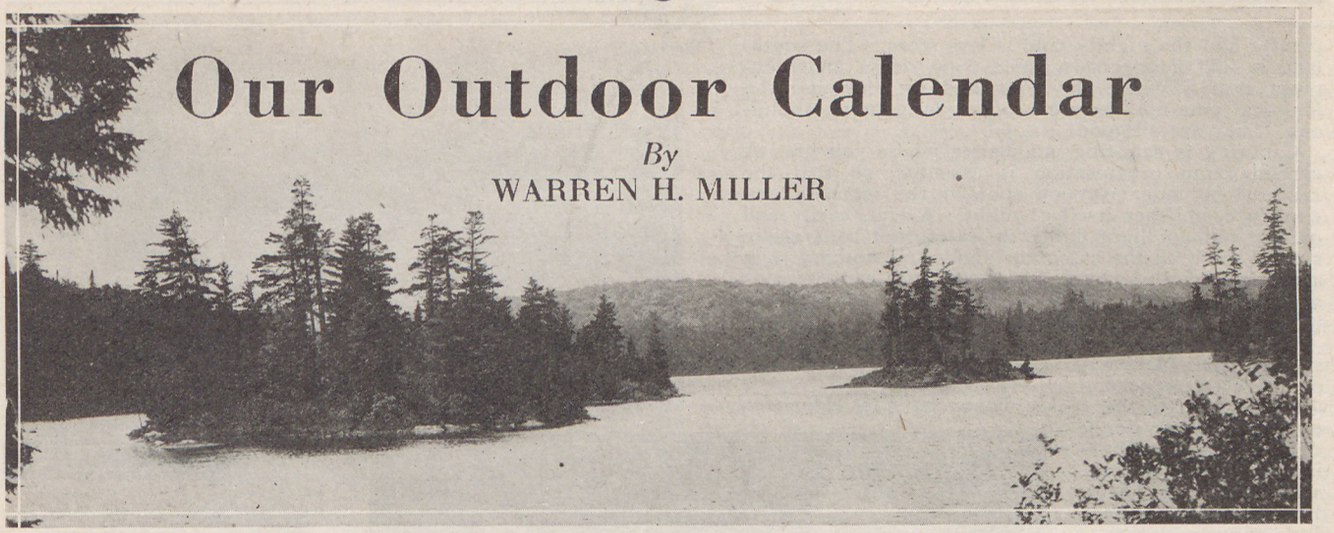
IT isn't by the basket,
Or the bulging hunter's coat,
It isn't who gets toasted,
Or whom the papers note;
Or by his mounted trophies
And his pictures of the same
That a fellow knows a sportsman,
But how he took the game.

And it's certain as the sunset
And surer than the dawn,
That it doesn't take a hero
To plug a speckled fawn—
It never makes me chesty
To think of how I took
A king of speckled beauties
With a sure-catch hook.

I think I'd even rather
He were nosing up a stream,
Where the waters tumble over
In a lazy sort of dream,
And the sunlight falls
In amber pools of light,
Than simply to have landed
Him without a chance to fight.

And brother, I've been wondering
If one couldn't tell the breed
Of a fellow when he's fishing
With a frail gut-lead?
Life seems a knotty puzzle,
But I figure all the same
That one can tell a sportsman
By the way he takes his game!

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

Sept-Oct.

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren. H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor.

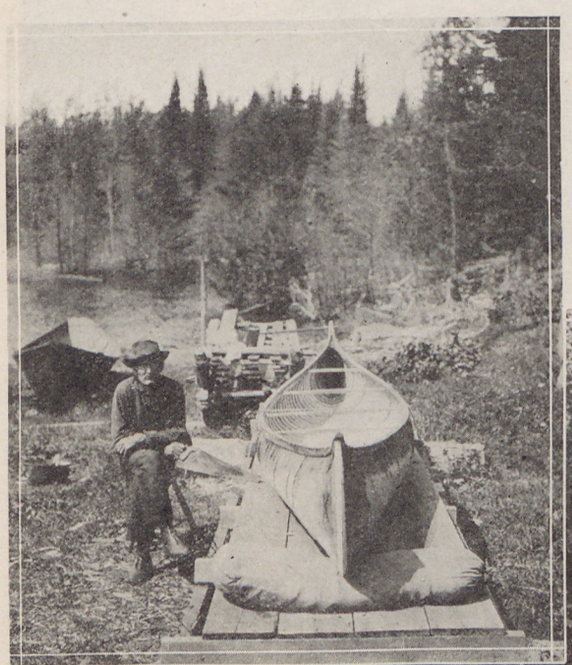
THE Hunter's Moon. Again I stand bewildered by the immensity of the great outdoors in September and the quantity of activities presenting themselves for enjoyment by him who knows and loves the wild spots.

September is no longer the Hunter's Moon with us, as it was with our Indian prototypes. Save for shore birds, we look to October and November for the deer in the woods, the grouse on the hill, the moose at the lakeside, and the quail in the cotton states. I should urge a canoe trip as the best choice for September. The black fly is gone, the midge has subsided—somewhat—and the mosquito is never a pest if you have a bar. August is too early, in the north country, for the business-like little black fly is out on the lakes and streams, and he is a misery, no less!

But September! The woods are still green, the fish over their summer lethargy, the nights not too cold, the deer feeding along the lake banks. What better setting for the ever-changing variety and incident of a canoe trip! It is a wonderful form of outdoor sport. There is the combined ease and exercise of the day's paddle; there is the sweating hilarity of the portage; there is the nightly camp always in some new spot, with the canoes hauled up on some placid shore, the camp fire sending up a pencil of smoke into the still air, and your little canvas home set up on some point near a spring. All day long the scenery is changing, giving the eyes and the mind endless interest, and amphibious scenery, of water and forest, of rocky shore and beetling mountain, with constant little flurries of excitement when a deer is espied feeding, a moose seen in the lily pads, a mink discovered winding along the bank. Early in the morning and late in the evening there is the battling bass or the swift trout or the voracious pike for one's rod. All day the camera has subjects. At night, the sing around the camp fire, the sound sleep of weary body and tired muscles. What an immensity of nature is spread out in varying panorama in a hundred miles of canoeing!

As to locality, I have tried almost every section of our country this side of the Mississippi. Oh, ye little rivers, ye little rivers! Memories: of two hundred miles down the Lumbee in North Carolina, of a hundred and fifty across the Adirondacks, of ninety miles down the Wading River in little old Jersey, of the Allagash in Maine and the Averills in Vermont. They are all good. I should say that the north woods offer the most pleasing change of lake and river, of mountain and portage. These northern cruises are without number: Minnesota, Wisconsin, Ontario, Michigan, New York, Maine. The land of the spruce and balsam, of the veery thrush and the Canada white-throat, of the silent, smoky Indian.

The middle latitudes offer quite as many routes, with less balsam and more deciduous trees, less wild things, but still



The poet of them all; the birch bark canoe.

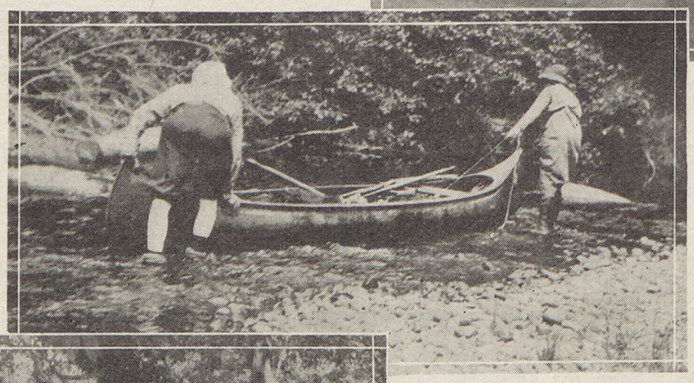
The author and his wife on portage. Note rest stick stuck up to hold canoe, affording rest in carrying it.

plenty; and the nightly cold is less stern. The southland is full of gorgeous canoe trips, down under cypress arches, where the holly and the bay and the long-leaf pine fill the forest and again game is abundant. They are all good!

Canoeing is canoeing, no matter where you go. A certain camp organization is essential, so that the cruise gets under way on time in the morning and quickly establishes itself at night. A tent, easily and quickly put up; light duffle, in waterproof bags easily stowed, with all the essentials along and nothing else; a couple of light sixteen or eighteen foot canoes; rods and tackle. These are all the passports needed to enter upon the best vacation you ever took.

The matter of going is absurdly simple. One sticks a shin-plaster on the canoe and turns her over to the express company for delivery at the jumping-off place. She will be there, bottom-up alongside the little railway station, when you debouch from the Pullman completely extinguished under duffle bags. Take these latter with you, not sending them by anybody at all; take them in the Pullman,

Up Ampersand in the Adirondacks.



"She will come back the most enthusiastic of the whole party."

even if it means many porters and much personal haulage. But, if your portages are to be hilarious, see that each man's duffle is limited to fifty pounds, for a carry of two miles becomes six and a day's work if you have to double-trip it.

Waterat IV. about to go overboard for the day's sailing cruise.

In warm latitudes we generally just take along a large light tarp for shelter. The canoe is lashed to two trees on its side, where its lower gunwale makes a shelf for everything and its upper side the starting point for the tarp. This latter is run up over the canoe bottom to extend out in a sort of lean-to in front of the canoe where six men can eat and sleep. Guy out the front with poles and line; build the camp fire in front of that; and there you are! The only drawback is to him who goes unprovided against mosquitoes. Wholly absurd; since all you need is a square of net four feet on a side by way of canopy. This is hung by a slanting sapling over the head of your sleeping bag, and a withe lashed in a ring and secured inside it makes a spreader so that the thing cannot settle on one's face, thus letting the mosquitoes have the opening they are sure to find.

Further north I prefer a closed tent, with a gauze bar sewed in across the opening. Insect conditions are much more severe up there, and we have the midge, who can go through anything with meshes in it, the black fly to whom the mosquito bar is as a tennis net, and a quantity of other small stinging creatures who have no business in tents. The five-by-six "Handy," the "Canoe," the "Hudson's Bay," and the "Snow" tents are all good for the north woods. I prefer them of plain canvas, so that air can be constantly sifting through the weave and keeping the tent clean and sweet throughout the night. Paraffined tents will be stuffy unless provided with a large rear window in addition to the front bar.

Wing-shooting lessons for the youngster in September.

September is a paradise for the beach angler and gunner.

End-opening brown

(Continued on page 124)

OCTOBER—the Moon of the Falling Leaves. How apt the Indian was at seizing on the significant event in each moon of his year and naming it after that event! I would be tempted to call October the Painted Moon—but no; that famous pot of paint, which is being mysteriously passed from tree to tree and making our forests one grand glory of color—that pot of Jack Frost's begins its decoration of the leaves by mid-September, so that no moon can be named after it. But the falling leaves is the salient event of October, occurring usually throughout its last two weeks.

I may as well confess, here and now, that October is the favorite month of all the year to me. Those gorgeous colors, the rosy copper of the oaks, the scarlets and yellows of maples, the purples of the gum trees, the huge flames of orange and pale yellow of the hickories—and over them all the hazy blue sky of the Indian Summer—oh, incomparable month! And then the indescribable perfume of fallen leaves in the forest; the sharp, crisp morning air, softening into a warm luxuriance by noon-day, toning to a red sunset in a still haze, all glorious with the roseate tints of the setting sun—I **love** it! Golden memories of the past!

You will appreciate the warmth of the shell vest.

Our camp of three tents.

And then, and principally—I fear there is an eternal savage buried not too deep within me!—it is the season when the gun is king and the hunting dog the prince of the outdoors. Over the gorgeous hills, through the flaming forest, across the golden fields, you trip along, a bright and shining thing of steel in your hands, your tireless dog quartering the distances ahead in his graceful gallop. The heavenly air is sweet and sharp in your nostrils; your eyes sparkle with the zest of the boundless beauty of everything they rest upon; your mind is alert, keen, alive with interest. It is a contest of wits, pure and simple, for none but the ignorant and the fool would underestimate the brains of the wild creatures who lie hidden all about, watching the man with the gun, figuring out, in that subtle way our lesser brothers of creation have, how to best this dull human and his weapon. Oh, **don't** they! Here comes the Lord of Creation and the fire-stick that he made—let's make a monkey of him! And, if he is not helped by that member of the animal kingdom whose senses are so infinitely superior to our own—the dog—the wild creatures actually take a pleasure in fooling this same human! I remember one grouse who watched me pottering around his thicket until he saw me put down the gun and take off my shooting vest (the day growing warm)—whereat he burst out triumphantly, squawking with derision and leaving me cursing him impotently.

Why do we enjoy hunting as the most zestful of all outdoor sports? Because it is a continuous adventure, for one thing; a venture into new investigations, the mind eager and inquiring, the eyes enjoying new combinations of Nature's wonderful kaleidoscope with every step forward. To a naturalist afield the day's hunt is pure joy. There is so much more than the actual finding of game! The autumn flowers, glories of blue and purple and orange; the abundant nut-fall; the closing of Nature's year in the insect world; the streams and ponds, now full of interest other than finny because they may harbor water-fowl and are sure to present pictures in the reflections of the gorgeous tree-pageant overhead—these are all in the sum of the day afield, aside from the mere shooting.

And then the test of your skill—what good are you, you human with that precise and efficient weapon in your hands? Are you naturalist and woodsman enough to pick out good game cover, place yourself in the wild creature's position at this particular time of day, and look upon life through his eyes? And, if successful in flushing him from his retreat, can you match your skill with the rifle or shotgun against his speed of wing or leg in getting himself out of your danger? A mortifying **No** is the general answer, to even the best of us! It is the memory of these Noes that cause hunters to stand up unabashed and defend their sport. It is the glib person who has never hunted game who seems to assume that it is all over when the gun is raised. But we who hunt know that all the odds are overwhelmingly on the side of the bird or the deer. To find him, we have to match our dull wits against his natural protective keenness, which defends him equally well against predacious creatures and is at once turned on poor lumbering us, who have neither the keen eyesight of the hawk nor the nose of the fox. And, having started him from cover, to hit, we have to match the speed with which the gun springs to shoulder and the aim which places its shot accurately; match it against a wing-power which makes it a matter of fractions of a second, hit or miss, or against a leg-power which carries the animal twenty feet to the jump through a gray tangle of trees and thickets which the eye itself can hardly penetrate. If the result is in our favor, it is a veritable triumph for the genus homo.

Hunting may therefore be divided into two parts; finding the game and getting a fair view of him; and hitting him with rifle or shotgun. Both require a deal of experience to make the hunter anything more than a mere dub. A knowledge of the daily habits of all kinds of game is a first requisite in hunting. He who just blunders along will get few shots. He who knows that grouse feed early, on rose haws, dried huckleberry pips, grapes fallen from wild vines, and cranberries in the bog; that later they seek sunny hillsides to dust themselves and scratch for insects in the bark chips of lumber slashings; that they have well-defined runs like barnyard fowls and like to investigate old lumber roads for dropped oat spillings—he who goes hunting as if he were another grouse, he will get the shots. If all alone he will have little chance, for the grouse is invisible and is watching his every move, so as to make his appalling burst into the air just at the moment when the human is tangled up in greenbriers, or getting over a fence, or has set down the gun, or is looking the other way. If a dog is along, the tables are turned Curiously, bright as the grouse is, he regards the dog as much the more formidable of the two antagonists. That animal, pointing him with rigid body and staring eyes, occupies all his attention, and at the same time tells the hunter about where the grouse is and that there **is** one. Wherefore the man circles to a better shooting position,

where Sir Grouse cannot play his favorite trick of placing a tree trunk between him and the enemy; also he allows the man to approach much closer. The ideal grouse dog hunts close and is quiet. A galloping quail dog is a noisy nuisance in the dry leaves of our northern hills. I prefer the straight English setter, of the Sir Roger de Coverly stock, for my grouse shooting.

With quail in the Sunny South quite a different set of natural conditions govern. The little brown rascals will be still in their roosts, all in a tight circle with heads pointing outward, early in the morning. They are waiting for the sun to come up and warm the cotton fields. Then they go out to feed, in wild pea patches, in old corn fields, in the brier and weed patches along the "branches," as the cypress creeks are called down south.

"A circle of sage makes the best

down in August and September is not only illegal but contemptible for him who calls himself a wing-shot. The larger birds, willet, black-bellied plover, yellow-legs, are all wary and educated, these days. They will avoid a brush-heap blind on the beach, and veer off at the amateur snipe whistle. For them Son and I found that the really effective blind was a large hole dug in the sand twenty yards from the surf line. It shows nothing whatever to the visiting yellow-legs; nothing but the line of decoys stuck up in the sand at the top of the surf wash. A good blind; you have to labor and dig in, these days, to fool the big ones! For marsh ponds a brush circle made of bay-berry bushes stuck into the marsh is equally effective. With a rubber poncho to sit on, many a thrilling day have Son and I had, watching the marsh for that winnow of distant wings which means large shorebirds abroad over the immense green distances. Part of the zest of these shorebird camps comes from the fact that the surf fishing is still excellent. Rods lean against the little tent on the dunes, but the gun is there too, for passing shots overhead may come at any hour of the day.

Duck shooting is in a class by itself. What memories! Of nights in the little cruiser while the nor'easter is tearing up the bay outside; of the start in the darkness before dawn, with the lighthouses winking mysteriously and the stars overhead; of the business of mooring the duck-boat to a point and camouflaging her with seaweed; of setting out decoys, and then the gray dawn and the tense, "Mark south!" where a flock of fifteen is winging swiftly, low over the waves. Then they come in to our

—And the Sportsmen Hold the Bag!

WHAT have politics and game and fish in common?

Why should a person who has distinguished himself as a political machine hanger-on, and as nothing else under the sun, be made conservation commissioner of an important outdoor state?

These are the bitter questions that the sportsmen of Minnesota are asking each other today.

And they are being answered in two ways—by a helpless gesture of the arm, a shrug of the shoulders, and a mirthless laugh; by an oath, and two clenched fists.

It all came about when the term of Carlos Avery, game and fish commissioner of the state since the office was created, expired, and Governor J. A. O. Preus appointed a new commissioner.

The new commissioner was the chairman of the Republican State Central committee.

The whole sportsman population of the state either laughed or swore.

CARLOS AVERY

Who elevated the office of game and fish commissioner of Minnesota to an important position in the nation, only to see it turned over to politics.

It was not so much that a new commissioner was appointed, or that Mr. Avery was lost, so much as it was that in one day the office of game and fish commissioner in a state which was leading the field in conservation matters dropped entirely out of sight and was replaced by a nice political plum.

Let us look, first, at the man who was not re-appointed to the position which by virtue of his own efforts had become one of the most important conservation posts in the country.

Carlos Avery, a Democrat at the polls, was made a member of the then board of game and fish commissioners—a weak, powerless, unimportant arrangement—by Gov. John A. Johnson, also a Democrat, in 1906. The following year he was made executive agent of the board, the forerunner of the present office. In 1915 he was re-appointed, and during the same year he was made game and fish commissioner on the creation of that position. Game and fish conservation seriously began to become a function of the state government.

Since that time Mr. Avery has served continuously, being appointed twice by Governor J. A. A. Burnquist, a Republican.

What has Mr. Avery accomplished? To recount the steps by which Minnesota has risen to the front rank in conservation after an orgy of market hunting and fishing, is here beyond the possibilities of time and space. It is enough to say that in 1916 the game warden force consisted of six men, the bank account showed a row of ciphers, and there were no codified game laws.

When Mr. Avery stepped out of office, he turned over to his successor $428,000 in cash,—most of which accrued from the fees paid to the state by commercial fishing interests, who constitute a major industry in Minnesota—a mechanism of hatcheries, refuges, and a big protective force; the good will of a big organization of sportsmen which had been built largely around the department—all of this, and a little book in which are written the most progressive of game laws, including many provisions of several years' standing which other states are now fighting for!

Mr. Avery is recognized over America as a conservationist, and as a student of game and fish affairs. His position of authority on all matters requiring scientific knowledge of his subject is an enviable one. He is in constant demand as an advisor, a consultant, and as a speaker. He has been called the foremost game and fish commissioner in the United States by men who know.

His retirement from office was felt all over the nation. His office was flooded with letters. Some of them came from men high in official Washington; most of them came from leaders in outdoor America; all of them came from sincere friends and admirers.

His retirement from office came over the protest of the majority of Minnesota sportsmen. Organization after organization called on the Governor to re-appoint Commissioner Avery. When the new appointment was made, the press of the state was virtually unanimous in its condemnation of the action of the Governor.

Mr. Avery was at one time president of the American Fisheries Society, and for several years was secretary of the International Association of Game and Fish Commissioners. He was at another time treasurer of this association. He is at present vice president of the American Game Protective Association, and is a member of the Advisory committee selected by the Department of Agriculture to shape the migratory bird law.

The man who succeeded Mr. Avery is J. F. Gould of Minneapolis. What his record is as a sportsman, or in relation to game and fish conservation, is not clearly defined—but that is a minor detail.

Until June 1 Mr. Gould was a major in the National Guard. He was a sort of a special kind of a major. That is, he was assigned to secret service work, which took him all over the state. This was during the same time that he was secretary of the Republican Central committee.

It might be well to add that he has just appointed as assistant commissioner a man of some experience. The appointee is Mr. C. W. Henke, of Dassel, Minn., chairman of the Meeker county Republican organization. Mr. Henke at one time served as chief clerk in the game department office, and is known as an active worker.

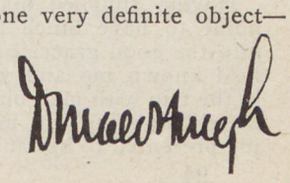
Mr. Gould may turn out to a great conservationist. In a few years he may be sought after by all the crowned heads of Europe.

But even though he may turn out to be the best conservation expert the world has ever produced, his appointment has been the worst blow ever dealt to outdoor Minnesota. Because, regardless of his ability, his appointment was the appointment of a politician and not of a qualified game and fish expert. Mr. Gould was appointed, it seems certain, because he was a faithful servant, and because he was secretary of the Republican state central committee.

When such reasons as this determine appointments, it seems to be time to call a definite halt. So far as the sportsmen are concerned, the game and fish department in Minnesota is dead. It died at a time when realization was eclipsed only by possibilities.

Politics and conservation—politics and the administration of those offices which are based on the preservation of Outdoor America—must be definitely divorced.

Out of it all, the sportsmen of Minnesota will make one resolution to accomplish one very definite object—the absolute separation of politics from the office of game and fish commissioner. God speed the day, not only in Minnesota, but throughout the nation.



Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Doc

By NOA SPEARS

THE morning mail brought a letter from "Doc" saying that he was going to take advantage of my standing invitation and run down for a few days' fishing at Medina, and all he asked was "what to bring and when to start?" I promptly answered that all he required was his fly rod and his presence here on the following Monday.

Now "Doc" is an old-time friend of mine who practiced dentistry in Oklahoma when it was still called the "Territory," and he has shot about all the game you could mention up to and including bear, and has fished most of North Texas and Southern Oklahoma when bass were still plentiful, but of late years has had to content himself with "goggle eyes" out of backwater lagoons along Red River and an occasional bass out of the water company's reservoir.

I forgot to state, and had also entirely forgotten at the time his letter came, that he used to be "hard of hearing."

The morning train brought him duly to town and he was soon at my office, as excited and interested as any boy in our proposed trip—and he's past 60. The first thing that struck me was that he was as deaf as a post—and I had for the time forgotten his infirmity. Conversation was difficult and the traffic policeman, on the corner below my office, looked up to see what the row was about, when I had merely asked him "if he had a pleasant trip down on the train." The first time I asked the question he replied, "No, I may be a little deaf but I don't have to walk with a cane." I saw his dilemma and repeated the question a little louder. He promptly answered, "Oh, I didn't understand you—some of my tips are cane, but some are greenheart." I started to give up but being persistent, hated to admit defeat so early in a program that was to cover several days, so raising my voice I again repeated the question. It was then that the traffic policeman held up the hum of Houston street and looked up with inquiring eye. Fortunately I caught his glance and his eye as well—pointed to my ears and shook my head. He grinned, blew his whistle, and traffic once more flowed forward, ignorant of the cause of stoppage, while the innocent cause was still more placidly ignorant of the entire matter.

"I prepared the supper early"

After another effort or two at conversation the janitor dropped in to ask if I needed him and I then hurriedly locked my desk, gathered Doc into my car and carried him to the tackle emporium. At the corner he noticed some broad brimmed straw hats and insisted upon investing in one and I hadn't the nerve or the heart to attempt to stop him, though his felt was much more suitable, on account of wind.

Having supplied his few wants in tackle, we drove home to have lunch and he immediately tried to get into the good graces of my wife by telling her how long he'd known me and what a treat he was anticipating in the trip with me—but he spoiled his chances by immediately dubbing my mother-in-law "Mother" upon being presented to her at lunch, and she being several years his junior has never forgiven him—nor me for presenting him. Luncheon over, we began the drive to the lake, some 30 miles, and Doc confided to me that the vibration of the car really helped him to hear and had I not known that such is a scientific fact I might have resented the insinuation. He also said that "just not hearing" wasn't so bad, but on some days the crickets bothered him—in fact near drove him crazy and for a moment I began to think I'd better add a specialist to our party—then it dawned on me that he merely meant some head noises that sounded like crickets and my pulse eased off.

Arriving at the water, we stowed our tent and grub in the boat, I took the stern seat and placed Doc forward and told him to get his fly rod together and I would row to camp while he cast.

He laboriously untied a roll of brown paper and brought forth what appeared to be a dozen joints of rods of various colors, woods and wrappings. With ready eye and hand he chose three from the lot, promptly assembled them and to my surprise they fitted easily together and had a fair hang to the mesalliance—for the butt joint was apparently hickory, the middle greenheart, and the tip of cane or bamboo. The whole weighed, I should say, eight ounces, was about eight feet long, and stiff enough, what with size and repeated varnishing, to cast a wooden plug. Doc asked what I thought of it and to save breath I smiled and nodded approval, while he admitted that it was a composite, of which he had made the butt joint himself.

I prevailed upon him to put on a yellow bass bug, but had difficulty, as he was a wet fly fan and leaned heavily upon his favorites. I also tried to explain that the water over which we were passing was no good and he might as well save his arm—but he failed to "get" me and proceeded to limber up with great energy.

After about ten minutes with but one rise, and that a small bass, Doc began to get restless and cast longing eyes toward his tackle—which was stowed in a small grip—like the ladies carry around with the baby—and finally he couldn't stand it any longer and informed me with a rising inflection that he believed he'd try a black gnat. I tried to make it clear that light colored flies worked better because the water was deep and the fish could see 'em farther, but Doc merely grunted and kept fishing around in the grip until he located a paper parcel about large enough to hold a respectable ham sandwich. This he carefully unfolded and revealed two giant flies—one black and the other white. The wings of each had a spread of fully an inch and a half, the bodies were the size of a small lead pencil and they were minus any pretense of hackle. Choosing the black one he held it up and asked how I liked it—adding that he had made them himself. I asked him what he called them and he said, "Black Gnat" and "White Miller." It was too much and I had to laugh. Doc took my laugh O. K. and wanted to know what I was laughing at so I put my mouth close to his ear and shouted that his black

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

gnat looked more like a buzzard to me, but he just grinned and began again to delve into the grip. Pretty soon he brought up a spinner—no, not a "0," nor yet a No. 1, but a No. 3 double spinner, which he proceeded to attach to the line—he was using no leader—and to the spinner he added the black gnat. Ye gods—it made a lure three and one-half inches long and weighed nearly an ounce. But did that worry Doc? Not the least. His "fly rod" handled it to perfection—in fact much better than it did the bass bug, and he quit apologizing for his poor casting and began to put it out 30 feet at least. Still he couldn't get a strike and after a time complained that his **wrist** was tired, put his rod down and rubbed his **shoulder.**

We soon arrived and made a comfortable camp. I prepared supper early and we took a little round of a

"As we came onto a vista of receding hills"

couple of miles before dark with but small results—Doc still sticking to his black gnat. The next day we fished until noon, and before leaving camp Doc remarked that he believed he'd leave his toupé in the tent as it cost $55.00 and he was afraid it might blow off his head and sink before he could retrieve it. I was willing, of course, but little dreamed of the consequence. The proverbial billiard ball had nothing on Doc, but he wore the heavy straw hat and went forth merrily to fish or row as occasion offered or required. The fishing was again poor and Doc remarked that the outdoor air was aiding his deafness and he could hear much better that day. At noon when we came in Doc complained a little about the sun and after lunch said, "If I could get along without him, he believed he'd stay in during the afternoon." I left him reading under a fly I had put up for shade and drifted off for the afternoon by myself. I got enough for supper and came in before dark to find Doc still complaining about the sun and after a little he asked me to look at his head. I asked him if he was afraid he had ticks in his hair, but he said with a forced smile that he believed it was sunburned. I walked over to him and found the whole top of his head a water blister from sunburn—and through a heavy straw hat too. I never burn on my hands or face any more and it hadn't occurred to me to bring along anything for sunburn, so he dusted it with talcum, put his bandana handkerchief over it, his hat over that and made the best of it.

But it worried him, and next morning he begged off again and stayed in camp, while I took a round by myself. I changed shirts that morning and pretty soon I noticed that the sleeves had drawn up and I was sunburning between my cuff and the seasoned part of my wrists. Rowing to shore I made a thin poultice of mud, spread it on my arms and allowed it to dry. Very promptly the burning ceased and I soon forgot all about it. When I returned to camp Doc was lounging and reading, but promptly spied the mud on my arms and wanted to know why. When I told him, his face broke into a broad smile and he hastily departed for the shore. A moment later he was down on his hands and knees using nature's mirror to plaster his shining and swollen head with mushy mud. The job was soon well done and he came back to the tent glowing with satisfaction, perspiration and rapidly drying mud—and he said he was comfortable for the first time in two days. Doc wore that crown the rest of the trip and one day the bass actually took his black gnat-spinner combination and he caught a dozen nice ones while only sunperch would rise to my bass bugs.

But our trip came to an unexpected and sudden end—at noon on the fifth day when we neared camp, I saw that several cattle were in the proximity of our domicile. The nearer we got the surer I was that we'd find that camp one sweet mess and I wasn't disappointed. The cattle had literally eaten everything except the tin canned goods and the onions. They had furthermore turned over the table and the chairs, broken most of them, strewed the dishes on the ground and tramped them literally to formless pieces of tin and enameled ware. A list of the things they actually ate up completely, is as follows: All the sugar and salt and the sacks they were in; several loaves of bread and the waxed paper; several packages of sweet cakes and their cardboard containers; several packages

"The camp before the cattle visited us"

of cigarettes, two pounds of sliced bacon and its pasteboard boxes, a can of dutch cleanser, including the tin top and bottom of the can; and a bottle of chile relish was mouthed and carried a hundred yards away before being abandoned as hopeless—but they left the onions in the same box where they ate the cigarettes.

We made our lunch that day on canned beans, canned meat and canned peaches and left for home, not in the least unhappy over our suddenly ended trip, as I think Doc was just a little fed up on sun and my cooking, and I'll admit my voice was kind of husky from trying to hold social converse with Doc. So we folded our tent like the Arabs and silently stole away—but via boat, to the car, which was patiently waiting where we left it,

(Continued on page 117)

An Appeal to The Outdoor Woman

In view of the fact that the reclaiming of the Winneshiek Bottoms is economically unjustifiable on account of the resultant farm lands of little value, the increased flood damages, destruction of water fowl, fur bearing animals, and fish, the erasure of the recreational features and natural beauty of the section, it is therefore recommended and urged that the drainage of the river lands be abandoned.
DR. A. L. BAKKE, Plant Physiologist, Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

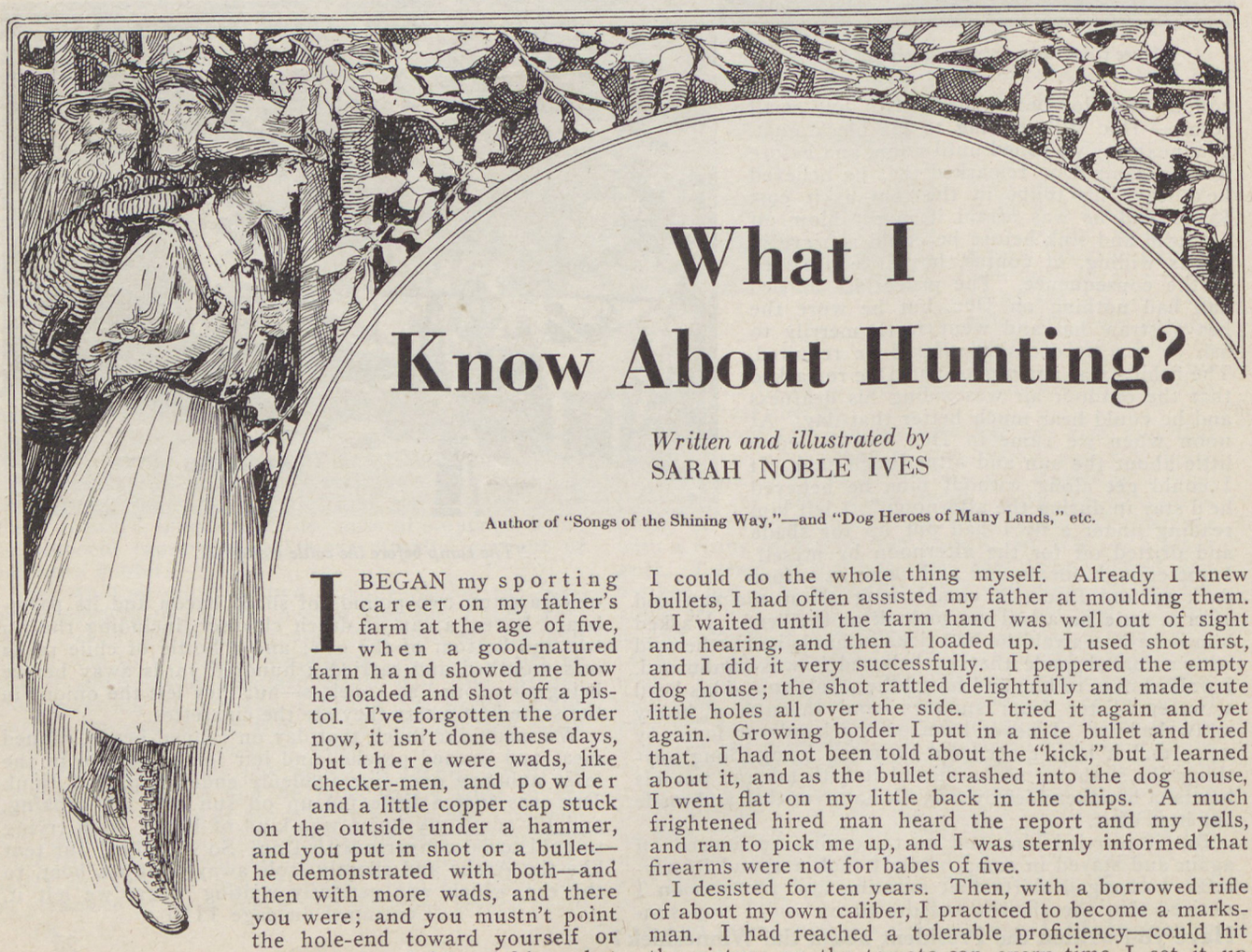
By
MARGUE
IVES

EACH one of us who have put welcoming arms around hardened young shoulders and gazed happily into sun-browned faces and cleansed eyes might well breathe a little prayer of gratitude for those remaking vacations in the woods. And one of the most magnificent vacation spots of our whole United States is now in danger of extinction. Three hundred miles of river lands along the Mississippi from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, to Rock Island, Illinois, are threatened with drainage, that octopus-like, commercial dragon which has ruthlessly, pitilessly, and utterly uselessly destroyed so much of our beloved outdoorland.

According to the knowledge of our greatest admitted authorities on outdoor conditions, according to the experience of our best scientists on such matters, the record of drainage from one end of our country to the other has been one long list of appalling mistakes. Against the pretense of the land exploiters, that drainage would result in valuable farm lands, are lined up the proven results of sterile bog lands, furiously inflated taxation, the untold disappointment and hardships borne by the innocent purchasers of such drained and non-producing lands, **FLOODS,** the wasteful depreciation of fish and game production, and last but far from least the loss of the loveliest and wildest portion of remaining "forest primeval" of the entire middle west, the greatest game fish and small fur bearing animal sanctuary left in America; in short the most criminal possible mis-use of that God given "dominion of man over all the earth."

Donald Hough, in his August editorial in our magazine on this subject, said that "the outdoors of the middle west is so far gone that it would die, were the Heart of it to be cut out." And just as surely would the heart of American manhood and womanhood, the sturdiest, truest boy, girl, man and woman heart of it, be cut out were there left no strengthening, cleansing, ennobling outdoor influences.

Dr. Harry Oberholzer of the U. S. Biological Survey, in a recent address to the Chicago Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, spoke stirringly of the vital need of a nation of its streams, its forests and of outdoor training for its youth. He brought up with much realism the example of those decadent nations whose aridity of topography is equalled by the barrenness physically, spiritually and nationally of their citizens. And is it not easy to believe that the noblest of a nation's achievements and her most heroic sons spring from the virility and the beauty of the land. A Lincoln, an Edison, a Roosevelt can hardly be conceived of as reaching their great des-



What I Know About Hunting?

Written and illustrated by
SARAH NOBLE IVES

Author of "Songs of the Shining Way,"—and "Dog Heroes of Many Lands," etc.

I BEGAN my sporting career on my father's farm at the age of five, when a good-natured farm hand showed me how he loaded and shot off a pistol. I've forgotten the order now, it isn't done these days, but there were wads, like checker-men, and powder and a little copper cap stuck on the outside under a hammer, and you put in shot or a bullet—he demonstrated with both—and then with more wads, and there you were; and you mustn't point the hole-end toward yourself or anybody else. I felt confident that I could do the whole thing myself. Already I knew bullets, I had often assisted my father at moulding them.

I waited until the farm hand was well out of sight and hearing, and then I loaded up. I used shot first, and I did it very successfully. I peppered the empty dog house; the shot rattled delightfully and made cute little holes all over the side. I tried it again and yet again. Growing bolder I put in a nice bullet and tried that. I had not been told about the "kick," but I learned about it, and as the bullet crashed into the dog house, I went flat on my little back in the chips. A much frightened hired man heard the report and my yells, and ran to pick me up, and I was sternly informed that firearms were not for babes of five.

I desisted for ten years. Then, with a borrowed rifle of about my own caliber, I practiced to become a marksman. I had reached a tolerable proficiency—could hit the picture on the tomato-can every time I set it up

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

n for a Great New National Preserve

By
RGUERITE
IVES

The drainage history of the United States is mostly one long story of swindle. Every State in the Nation has had its bitter lesson on the drained and reclaimed land question. Such National celebrities and authorities as Dr. H. C. Oberholser, Dr. A. L. Bakke and Dr. L. H. Pammel, declare that the drained river lands will not bring forth good farm lands. WILL H. DILG, President, Izaak Walton League of America

tinies in a country whose "rills and templed hills" were not worthy of immortal song and story. What use to have sacrificed and fought and died for a land barren of all clear and running waters, a land devoid of trees, of swamps, of flowers, of wild places and wild things.

Line our lakes and rivers with factories belching forth evil odors and smoking acids and what likelihood is there of dreaming youths along their banks to imbibe the messages of the currents and the waves and the spray and the misty wonders of where sky and waters meet, those messages from God to man which He sends only through His own mediums of land and sea and clouds.

Certain meadows, or brooks or stretches of seashore are the earliest treasured memories of nearly all of us. Shall we allow our children's children to be bereft of such memories and the inspiration of them?

We've dreamed and thrilled and exulted and wept over a thousand precious books; imagine that the total destruction of all those books was possible, in fact imminent, it is inconceivable the efforts we would make to avert so great a catastrophe. Our children are actually threatened with a calamity only second to such a one—the loss of their outdoor heritage. It has been accurately estimated that at the present rate at which we are using up our lumber, if we continue without reforesting that in forty years we will be absolutely destitute of forests and by this is meant not a sad depletion nor relative scarcity, but complete destitution of trees. The actual, direct results of such a condition are too dreadful to contemplate and, of course, we are not going to continue to cut down without reforesting, but if we are to make it a certainty that our adored America will not in twice forty years, or three or four or five times that long, be but a desert and a place of death and drought, we must build up our forests, far, far faster than we are doing at the present time.

If you should happen to ask John about this and immersed in the paper, he answers carelessly, "Oh, don't bother your little head about that—it's nothing that need concern you," don't be put off—it **does** concern you, American women. It concerns you just as long as all just causes concern you; just as long as all helpless, homeless, injured beings, whether children or small fishes and beasts concern you; just as long as any enormous, preventable waste concerns you; just as long as the future health and happiness and sanity of your children concerns you; just as long as the beauty, the glory and the priceless privileges of these United States concern you, just so long you "bother your little head about it" and do this one thing in the knowledge that it will materially and practically help. Write to President Coolidge and tell him that the Outdoor Women of America protest against the drainage of these river lands, that they ask him to help preserve forever these 300 miles of glorious wild country "in the name of his boys and their boys, in the name of his country and their country, in the name of his God and their God."

"When is conservation not conservation? The answer seems to be that it is not conservation when it attempts to make poor farms out of good fishing and hunting territory. The nation as well as the middle west ought to make itself heard when it comes to the question of destroying such a recreation territory as that along the Upper Mississippi." THE OUTLOOK, Sept. 5th, 1923.

---

on the hitching post. I think I have told this story somewhere else, but I did not give myself the discredit. I went into the garden and aimed at a wild canary who was singing his little heart out, and to my horror I blew his little head off, and there was no more bird and no more song, only some crumpled, bloody feathers, of no use or joy in the world.

Right there my lust for killing stopped. I never aimed at a living thing again.

Another ten years found me in the Adirondacks, one of a little colony on the Racquette River. With the exception of our own family all were neighbors from an up-state town. We lived in the peace that passeth understanding and practiced small wood-craft. On my arrival I was given the test, which was—to walk softly on the trail, to paddle a canoe silently, and through the love of nature to hear and understand her various language. Unknowing I passed muster.

There were nine good men and true in that colony, gray-bearded, gentle, loving the woods for the woods' sake, and attuned to her harmonies. Good fishermen they were, who could cast a fly where there was space, and did not disdain to drop a worm under the alders when trout were wanted for supper. They trolled for bass below the rapids, and these things they also taught me, not to mention the art of taking a bull-pout off the hook, without getting tangled in its horns.

A desire ran about toward a hunting club, and to that end a log and bark hut was built on a small preserve in the deep woods. Then came the proudest moment of my life. Desiring a tenth member, they invited me to join and act as mascot. The thrill is with me yet.

Then began a series of expeditions to the hut in the forest, and the grass I stepped on went right on growing, as I marched along, carrying my share of the duffle. No shooting for me, but I had learned to still-paddle, and could take a hunter up to a deer in daylight. I learned the little shiver of the boat when game was sighted, and the sound of the lily pads being cropped in the dark, but never could I look into those velvety brown eyes and feel any desire to destroy. However, in our club, no one killed more than his one a season, and then only as the camp needed meat. But there were joyous adventures. One night my uncle called me to the door of the hut, and flashing his jack-light, showed me a long row of rabbit-ears, popping up from behind an old log. Once I saw a bear lumbering across a hillside, and I became proficient in tickling the heads of bullfrogs with a rush, to see them wink their eyes. Once I saw a fight in mid-air between two herons.

Six happy seasons our hunting club and their families met in that enchanted ground, and then death claimed my uncle, and we no longer had the heart to return to the place his bright spirit had once inhabited. But the forest will always claim me. The trees are my brothers, and the hills are the thrones of the Great Spirit: the wind in the firs, the laugh of a loon, the slap of a beaver's tail move me more than great orchestral harmonies.

And I wish that all men and women and children might have, for at least a part of their year, the breath of the forest in their lungs, to build them up and put them in tune with the busy life under the branches, where wanton killing is taboo, where life is sacrificed only that other life may continue, as nature planned. Let us save our forests, that our children's children may also have their playgrounds.

The Reflections *of a* Forest Ranger

By DONALD HOUGH

"Bring Me a Big One, Bill"

ACCORDING to the stories and things you read in the magazines, the American citizen is a model of hard headed efficiency—an up-and-coming sort of a chap, who knows what is what.

Then why is it that when it comes to the matter of fish, he is such an unutterable fool?

Why is it that in the summer time, the garbage cans of the American people reek with the rotting bodies of game fishes?

They are the fish that are given away. And you know it. If you will be perfectly honest and will look back over your career, forgetting all about politeness and the feelings of your neighbors and remembering only truth, you will discover that of the fish that have been given you, not ten per cent have ever found the way out of the kitchen except by the back door.

This is a delicate subject. It strikes at the heart of a great American tradition, such as Paul Revere, or the Dollar Bill. Those who follow us, when they dig into the buried and forgotten tomb of the Last Fisherman, will find that before Outdoor America died the words of the national anthem had been changed to read, "Bring me a big one, Bill."

That is the fisherman's salute today. And Bill gaily promises to do his best. And long before he has reached his fishing grounds, he has conjured up great fancies about himself, in which he sees himself coming home with a tremendous string of exceedingly large fish, to parade before his friends, inviting them to make their own selection. He knows that his reputation as a mighty angler is at stake. He knows, perhaps, that among certain of his brother fishermen, his reputation as an angler may depend on his sportsmanship in fishing. But the moral courage that must be his to return home with three bass caught on a dry fly, is the moral courage required by a man who is willing to be known as a bum angler.

And the pity, the tragedy, of the whole thing is that the giving of fish is either the easing of a troubled conscience or the fulfillment of a personal vanity, and, worst of all, THE TAKING OF THEM IS MERELY A NEIGHBORLY DUTY.

Don't let's fool ourselves into believing anything else. We know better, you and I, who have been on both sides of the back fence—we know better. And if we don't, it's time we got wise. Now, I don't want to start a fight between you and your next door neighbor, to whom you have just given a nice big bass, but I'll dare you to lie low for an hour and then sneak out and take a look in your neighbor's garbage can. If you want your bass back, that's the thing to do.

Take the case of George, a typical receiver of complimentary fish. He belongs to the Town Boosters and to the Rotary club and to the Real Estate Board, and he feels surging in his veins the blood of a true American. So when Bill goes fishing he sings out, "Oh, bring me a big one, Bill," and forgets about it.

Bill brings him two. George puts them into the ice box. Comes time for supper. Mrs. George opens the ice box and finds two bass balanced over the bottle of milk. She calls George. "George," she says, holding the fish up by their tails, "what on earth shall we do with these fish?"

George never bats an eye. "Chuck 'em," he says.

Perhaps George really likes fish. In that case he and Mrs. George hold a consultation over them. They place their noses three inches from the fish and sniff. "When did he catch them?" asks Mrs. George. "Oh, about two days ago," replies George and he takes another sniff. "I'll bet they were out in the sun—I thought Bill seemed to be in a hurry to have us put them in the ice box. Probably he kept the freshest ones himself. Besides, they don't look—"

George and his wife look at each other, and George shrugs his shoulders and returns to the evening paper and Mrs. George—good-bye, fish.

In the garbage can are two nice bass. They are fading rapidly, and their mouths are open, and their eyes are beginning to look "fishy."

And so Bill—perhaps not always on invitation—becomes a public benefactor. He has got to do it. He caught them, and brought them home, and his conscience won't let him throw them away.

"That's good business," we tell each other, "to make economic use of our natural resources."

But as for me, shucks, I'd as soon throw away my own fish as to wish the job on the neighbors.

Now let's see about Bill. He went fishing, with the plaudits of the populace ringing in his ears.

FIFTY-FIFTY

"What are you getting them on?"
"Fifty per cent. on worms, fifty per cent. on fly,"
"How many have you taken?"
"Two."

LIFE

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

He spends good money, and is taking advantage of a hard earned day off, and he is out to make good. He loves to fish, and he intends to fish from early morning until late night, and is going to keep at it. He has no intention of catching three fish and then coming in to shore to sit under a tree and drink near beer and watch the chipmunks.

And I don't blame him, and neither do you. We go fishing in order to fish. But why couldn't Bill use a barbless hook or a fly or something and get just as much sport, without putting the neighbors to the trouble of throwing his fish away for him?

* * *

That's another story. There isn't a man alive—I make no exceptions, because I am dealing with real, not proclaimed, virtues—who doesn't like to come home with a good string of fish. He is a hero as he passes through the city, a god as he bows to the neighbors, when he has fifteen bass dangling from his arm.

Therefore, to sum up, we come home laden with all the fish we can catch—real, not proclaimed, virtues!—and because our conscience hurts us we give them away right and left, quaking lest our friends turn them down, and there is step number one toward the municipal incinerator.

We do this because, first, we refuse to have our actual fishing time curtailed, and second, we would be known as a fisherman who Knows How to Get Them.

At first glance, this program is hard to beat, but at second glance, it is easy. The solution will come when all fishermen use single hook lures with light tackle, and then it will come for the following reasons:

Fishing time will not be curtailed, neither will the fun of fishing. The fight of each fish, as all light tackle men know, will be a more notable event, will last longer, and the victory will be more satisfying.

Second, fish will increase in value. A fisherman who comes home with three fish will be considered a good fisherman, and in the same class as he who, under present conditions, comes home with ten. Therefore the standard will be raised, and the market value of a "good angler" will be "three fish"—on the same principle that the market value of the dollar fluctuates from time to time as to its buying power.

But this can be brought about only when all anglers, by mutual agreement or by law, use single hook lures only. For so long as there is a single mechanical lure, designed like a machine, in use in the sport of angling, the deep underlying pride that is in every one of us will be subject to the wounds of the man who owns the engine-like lure and who therefore can out-parade us in front of the neighbors.

Just two courses present themselves. Either we must be satisfied with small catches on account of our single hook lures or we must be satisfied with small catches because of the scarcity of fish. I am sure that all anglers will agree that the former course is by far the most satisfactory.

We can adopt, universally, the light baits, and have just as much fun and shine just as brightly as stars in the angling firmament as we do now, and still have plenty of fish in our waters for our use and for the use of the next crop of outdoorsmen.

Or we can go ahead and keep pace with the march of fishing toward the status of a mechanical sport, and fill our garbage pails with fish—or rather fill the garbage pails of our neighbors with fish—and be considered an excellent angler by George. We can, just to show how efficient we are as a nation, catch fish and throw them away; slaughter them and destroy them in the name of Personal Prestige, then holler and yell and dig down under the mattress for the money belt to make more hatcheries to turn out more fish for the garbage pails.

* * *

"But," say some anglers, "the darn fish are so scarce right now in lots of places that the only way you can get them is by using the nearest approach to dynamite that the law allows."

Which is quite true, but what we are after now is a remedy of just such conditions, and I dare the above anglers to declare that one of the ways to bring the fishing back to normalcy is to keep up such tactics.

It looks to me like hitting a fish when he is down.

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HERBERT HOOVER, Secretary of Commerce hopes to have ready for our November issue an article on

THE ALASKAN FISHERIES

Mr. Hoover is an authority on this subject

We Want a National Preserve in the

And every one of us must at once write our Congressmen in order to .

Part of a letter from the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES to Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois:

"My Dear Senator:

I HAVE YOUR THOUGHTFUL COMMUNICATION RELATIVE OF DRAINING OF BOTTOM LANDS. THIS WILL BE TAKEN UP WITH THE APPROPRIATE DEPARTMENT, AND YOUR SUGGESTION WILL HAVE IMMEDIATE ATTENTION."

The President's letter was in answer to the following letter from Senator McCormick.

Dear Mr. President:

I VENTURE, now that you are able to address yourself to the routine of office, to suggest that it would be wise to suspend, or postpone, the grant of any permit to drain the so-called Winneshiek bottom lands on the eastern banks of the Mississippi between Lynxville and De Soto, Wisconsin.

There is nothing to be gained to the country at this time by adding to the area under the plow, or by increasing the annual agricultural production of the country. The farmers are suffering gravely because of the vast increase in sown acreage, and the surplus production of foodstuffs. Furthermore, the creation of a fish preserve between Rock Island and De Soto, or further north, deserves the earnest consideration of the government no less than the addition to the flood waters of the Mississippi by the drainage of the Winneshiek bottom lands.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) MEDILL McCORMICK.
U. S. Senator, Illinois.

In reply to an eloquent and very illuminating letter from Mr. F. M. Norris, a member of our Mason City, Iowa, Chapter, to Senator Cummins of Iowa, the following two letters were received:

UNITED STATES SENATE
Committee on Interstate Commerce
Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 14, 1923.

Dear Mr. Norris:

YOUR letter of the 31st ultimo came to the office just as I was leaving for Washington to attend the funeral of President Harding. Since my return I have read it and am sincerely obliged to you for presenting the subject to me in a way so graphic and convincing. I do not know anything about the project for draining the "Winneshiek Bottoms," or other land lying along the Mississippi river. If the only purpose is to add to the area of agricultural lands I agree with you that the plan is worse than absurd; it is a crime against the future. Your letter is the first intimation I have had that anything of that sort was in progress or even in view. You state the case so admirably that I have enclosed your letter with a personal one of my own to the Secretary of War asking him for full information, and specially inquiring under what authority the work is being done and why it is being done. As soon as I get a reply I will write you further upon the subject.

Yours cordially,
ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

Mr. F. M. Norris.

Miles upon miles of wild rice fields, loved of ducks of all kinds. Wild ducks and wild rice—aren't they worth more to us than barren, sandy, unfertile soil?

UNITED STATES SENATE
Committee on Interstate Commerce
Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 28, 1923.

My Dear Mr. Norris:

I HAD up the matter presented to me in your letter of the 31st ultimo with the War Department and have just received a reply. This communication explains the whole situation. There seems to be no way to prevent the reclamation of these bottom lands **unless the government should take them over as a preserve** and this can not be done until Congress authorizes the project. I judge from Mr. Dilg's letter of July 19th that this proposal is already under way. When it comes before the Senate **I shall be very glad to give it my support.**

Yours cordially,
ALBERT B. CUMMINS.
U. S. Senator, Iowa.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Washington, D. C.

Izaak Walton League of America,
Gentlemen:

IT gives me pleasure to acknowledge your kind letter of August 20th; with reference to the story in the Izaak Walton League Monthly concerning "The Drainage Crime of a Century."

To me it is very pleasing to know of your interest in this matter which has already been called to my attention a number of times by persons who have an understanding of the situation and its importance. In my judgment, your position is absolutely correct and the article referred to does not exaggerate the case in any way.

It so happens that I am particularly sympathetic to a subject of this kind and I shall be glad to do everything in my power to help in a legislative and educational way to save this country from the pathetic results of such an unwise procedure in the Northern Mississippi Valley and elsewhere.

With kind personal regards, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
(Signed) MARTIN L. DAVEY.
U. S. Representative, Akron, Ohio.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Bureau of Fisheries
WASHINGTON

Izaak Walton League of America,
Gentlemen:

THE Bureau has at hand your August number of the Izaak Walton Monthly. The article by Donald Hough "A National Preserve for the Mississippi Valley," and the article by Dr. Rasmussen "The Passing of the Winneshiek," have been read with much interest. The Government should pre-

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Heart of the Mississippi Valley

to our President, our Senators and accomplish this great purpose

serve this wonderful valley for future generations. If it is to be exploited by the real estate interests it will be lost to both agriculture and for the production of game and fish. It is my opinion that game fish and recreation grounds for the Middle West are of greater value than the present generation is able to assume.

I wish to thank you for the interest you are taking in preserving this wonderful region.

Very truly yours,
C. H. LEACH,
In charge Division of Fish Culture.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Defiance, Ohio.

Izaak Walton League,
Gentlemen:

I HAVE received your printed copy of pamphlet entitled, "The Drainage Crime of a Century." Before I received it I had read the article in a magazine.

I feel impelled to use my best endeavors to prevent this drainage crime, if possible, when the matter comes before Congress. I am with the sportsmen in this matter.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
(Signed) C. J. THOMPSON.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
UNITED STATES
Connersville, Indiana,
August 21, 1923.

Izaak Walton League,
Gentlemen:

IN reply to your letter in which you say you are vitally interested in having the drainage of the Winneshiek bottom lands which lie along the upper Mississippi river stopped and the lands purchased by the government for permanent natural fish hatcheries and asking me to support a measure appropriating money out of the National Treasury for this purpose, will say that if such a proposition can be worked out at a reasonable limit of cost, I will be glad to support it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) RICHARD M. ELLIOTT.

Letter from Assistant Superintendent of Rescue Crews, Bureau of Fisheries

Homer, Minnesota,
September 4, 1923.

President, Izaak Walton League.
Dear Sir:

HEREWITH you will find a clipping which deals with the drainage below Muscatine of Senator Brookhart's Farm.

The promoters of the Winneshiek land scheme have repeatedly claimed that the drainage district below Muscatine was a success. Here you have what a special investigator from Muscatine found.

H. L. CANFIELD.

(Continued on page 116)

JUDGE'S CHAMBERS
UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
Southern District of Alabama
Mobile, Alabama,
August 31, 1923.

President Calvin Coolidge,
White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Coolidge:

I LIVE at Mobile, Alabama, and not on the Mississippi so have no direct interest in the Winneshiek drainage proposition. I was raised in Wilcox County, Alabama, on the Alabama river, where now practically all the ponds and lakes are drained and all the beavers killed, and the large timber tracts cleared. When I was a boy fifty years ago and before the bulk of the clearing and drainage was completed it took two weeks of rainfall to make a freshet, while now two days of steady rainfall will do it.

Our American people are going too fast in clearing off the timber tracts and draining the natural catch basins, where the water is impounded and held, whereby we cause the rainfall to be carried rapidly into the streams causing floods, instead of being held on the land long enough to permit its being absorbed by the soil as it normally would be.

The great ponds and marshes are not wastes in the economy of nature for they furnish a large part of the moisture that is distributed over the surrounding country and crops in the shape of fogs and dew.

I believe it is true that where the land is denuded of the timber the rainfall is lessened, and if the ponds are drained the diminution of the rainfall will be greater.

It is high time our men in authority are giving serious attention to these problems, for I fear our country will be called on to pay dearly in the future for our mistaken and wasteful policies. I therefore hope you will look well into this matter.

I heartily approve, as do the great majority of our people of the policy of laying off large reservations where timber, water, game and fish may be preserved for the future generations.

Could you find a way to have this district made a public preserve? I am sure you would please the great mass of the people. Instead of draining the catch basins at the head of the Mississippi, it seems to me more of them should be created.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) ROBERT T. ERWIN.
(JUDGE)

They are already cutting some of the timber from the islands and this picture shows the raft of logs in the river, proving that WE MUST HURRY, brothers, in our efforts to save the Winneshiek.

I HAVE seen the poor results of drainage in many sections of Wisconsin. Instead of making good farm land good marshes have simply been destroyed, and the agricultural results have been nil. Of course there are exceptions, but they are few and far between. One marsh, known as "Big Marsh", was drained some ten years ago and to date the ground has remained "cold" and "sour", the farmers getting little in return for the outlay. More power to the Walton League.

O. W. SMITH

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

This Department will be conducted monthly by Mr. Carman, who is one of America's foremost authorities on dogs. In his own words, "I dedicate this Department not to Dogs, but to man's greater understanding of Dogs." Mr. Carman is glad to receive letters, photographs, stories, experiences and enquiries from all lovers of dogs and readers of this Department.

A Woodcock Hunt in 1872

I HAVE just reread perhaps for the twentieth time a book entitled "Setter and Pointer" written by my father, Elbert S. Carman, in 1872.

It is dedicated "To those true and humane sportsmen who, while witnessing the unprovoked, unmerited cruelties so often perpetrated upon the ever-faithful hunting-dog, have felt their hearts burn with pity and indignation, this work is respectfully dedicated."

On the dawn of a new hunting season I believe that the following account of a midsummer woodcock hunt, as related by my father in his book of fifty years ago will prove interesting and perhaps instructive:

On the evening of the 14th of July (1872) I set out for Pleasantville, Westchester County, N. Y.

The country about was hilly, not to say mountainous, and the marshy bottoms and running streamlets so covered with trees and undergrowth as to render passages, always difficult, sometimes impossible. The day was one of the hottest, for which reason, as well as to get the start of several others, I desired to get off as early as half-past four in the morning of the following day. My man, who hunted a black setter of rare natural qualities, opposed this for so many personal reasons, that it was seven ere we left the hotel.

Illustratedby H. C. Mundstock

Cautiously Tepper walked up, and just pointed again as he reached the other's brush, when the bird rose.

My dog, named Tepper, was nine months and three weeks old, seventy-five per cent setter and twenty-five pointer, though in appearance full setter. Though evincing a ready fondness to hunt, whenever opportunity presented, he had never made a point, and but once or twice had betrayed the least inclination to do so. He had never been accustomed to the report of a gun any further than that I had abruptly, while rambling in the woods one day, in the company of other and older dogs, fired a pistol over him, as elsewhere particularized.

His temperament and disposition were headlong, eager, impulsive, high-spirited, rough, impatient, watchful, and affectionate. Above the medium size, and of uncouth proportions, though of rather a showy, stylish, carriage, he was wiry, persevering and indefatigable.

From the hotel to our first grounds, a mile apart, I kept him close "to heel," which, as previously, needed but the simple command, repeated it may be thrice, from time to time. When permitted to "hie on," he ranged diligently, frequently looking up at me, and often "coming in" voluntarily. Receiving a few kind words, and a pat also, away he would range, through mud, water, underbrush, and briers, with great earnestness, but evidently with a vague purpose.

We had hunted half an hour, when the black setter pointed. I whistled to Tepper, who obeyed in a moment and hied him on by a wave of the finger, in the direction of the other dog, as if nothing extraordinary was happening. As he neared him, he trod cautiously and tremblingly—not as a dog would creep on game, but rather through a timid curiosity. As his head reached the middle of the setter, he evidently caught a scent of the bird, and drew himself to a full point. In the meantime, not one word had been spoken, nor a "whoa" of caution uttered.

My man called out to his friend, "Come and see the pup's point." Perhaps thirty seconds were thus passed, when Tepper broke his point, and the black setter moved on. A minute or so after, the bird got up thirty yards

off, and we were unable to fire. I unconcernedly called Tepper to me, told him to "down charge," patted him, talked to him, and again sent him forward. Neither of us seeing the direction the bird took, a careful search availed us not. An hour after, my man killed a bird on the other side of the stream. I crossed, and Tepper, though without any show of pointing, soon scented and found the dead bird. I forestalled his jumping at it by taking the bird in my hand in such a way that he could not bite or mouth it without taking my hand, and then checked him by a rap on the nose whenever he made a movement to do so. In a few moments he was fully satisfied with merely smelling it, when I trusted the bird at his feet.

Half an hour later, the black setter pointed a bird within one foot of his nose. Tepper coming up from an opposite direction so as to face him, flushed the bird just, I think, as he was in the act of pointing himself. A wave of my hand brought him to a down charge, while my man shot at the bird and missed.

The ground which we unfortunately selected had been earlier so well hunted over, that though two or three frightened birds arose, it was late in the morning before another fair chance presented itself.

My man missed his dog, and, knowing that he could be but a short distance off, was confident he was pointing, as all was still as a church-mouse.

While seeking him, I found I had lost sight of Tepper, and was surprised and pleased to find both dogs pointing head and head, concealed by bushes and not fifteen yards from me. Thus they remained until, tired of waiting, I was about to throw a stick over the dogs, when Tepper, withdrawing from the point, came to and around me. I patted him indifferently, and gently hied him on again toward the black setter, who was still firm. Cautiously he walked up, and had just pointed again as he reached the other's brush, when the bird rose.

Again, not one of us could fire, nor could we even surmise his course.

A while after, my man shot another bird over his own dog; when a threatening shower and the suffocating heat determined us to start for home.

During the hunt, which ended at half-past twelve, I had not once spoken to my dog to correct him, much less had I occasion to whip him. So closely did he watch me, and so careful was he to range within easy distance, that I was obliged to whistle him in but twice, and then it was plain he had lost my whereabouts.

He obeyed every demand, whether to "down charge," "hie on," or "come in," at once.

My man marveled at his discipline and (experienced dog-handler that he was) wished to know how it had been wrought. Had not I whipped him often? "No," I replied, "the dog has never been whipped but twice, and but once severely."

Touching upon the brilliancy of his pointing, or the quality of his nose, it is irrelevant to express any opinion. This statement is made to show that, if a hunting-dog is properly handled at home, he is substantially broken in the field. Practice, and little of it, is alone needed to develop his full powers and genius. And the above is not an exceptional instance.

This system of educating and breaking, varied to suit different temperaments only in degree, is infallible. It is not plain that **it manufactures noses.** It is supposed that no person will pester himself with the rearing of doubtful stock. As soon as positively ascertained that the dog has a faulty **olfactory intelligence,** it is better to give him away than to waste further time in endeavoring to make a "silk purse out of a sow's ear." It is claimed, and with a zest that may seem pragmatical and vain, that this method of treating hunting-dogs **will** and **must** make the **most** of a nose, and that, too, in the simplest, shortest, most philosophical and humane manner.

Referring to my dog's watchfulness while hunting, we would state that this is no peculiarity but a trait, and an important one, readily impressed upon young dogs in their first walks. Naturally, at such times, a master is solicitous that his pup should not fall into this hole or creep under that fence. He hastens around the corner for him, lest he get injured or stolen. He calls him first from one place, then from another. Thus, forever closely watched, the pup finds it quite unnecessary to look after himself, and will, without stint, indulge his playful, mischievous, and wandering propensities.

This should be reversed. He should be permitted to go where and do what he lists. You continue your walk as if you had forgotten that the pup accompanied you—turning corners abruptly—stopping in unusual places—walking faster or even running when he lingers too far off. Should he lose you entirely, it is not difficult to place yourself near him without seeming to do so. By such means, it is amusing to note how anxiously a pup will soon learn to watch your movements—a lesson which, with care, he never forgets.

It is the received opinion that a master should never display anger while punishing his dog. If angered with reason, this seems absurd; though it is plain that his just displeasure should never urge him to blind, cruel excesses. Be this as it may (we need not discuss it), if a dog can so quickly detect his master's temper, why should he not just as quickly detect his master's excitement during a lively hunt? The contagion of a master, half crazed with excitement, is rapidly communicated and burns in a dog's more excitable nature with a fiercer flame. During the woodcock hunt just recorded, I had made up my mind to study and control my dog, regardless utterly of my own pleasure or comfort; and this I not once lost sight of. My gait was always slow and careless; my conversation with my man and his friend never hurried nor enthusiastic. Often when my dog came in to me, as he almost every two minutes did, I would stop, talk to him, sit down, play with him, and, in every way, act as if strolling through the verdant fields and charming woods and groves of Paragot.

The effect was precisely what was desired. Tepper, controlled so mildly, was made to believe that he had, as much as at any other time, his own way. The shooting of guns and killing of birds were belittled, and not exaggerated into a new and startling sensation to afford a thousand excuses why he should forget his discipline, and plunge into wild disorder.

Photograph taken with a Brownie 2-A camera at McGregor, Iowa, August 2nd, 1923, by Dr. J. Frederick Walter, of McGregor, Iowa, owner and breeder. Entered for Dog and Camera Prize Contest

Pocket City Redfield, five and one-half months old Irish setter pup, backing his sire: Sir Patrick Redfield, and dam: Peggy Watt, pointing quail

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

The Sportsman's Creed

Editor's Note: Reprinted particularly for the benefit of those who will hunt for the first time this Fall, and for all of us in the spirit of—lest we forget!

Remember you are a sportsman and not a hunter; your dog is your friend and companion—you are not his master.

Never punish your dog in anger, for you are hurting yourself even more than your dog.

Observe the game laws and the No Trespass Signs—the rights of others are sacred.

Never, when hunting with a companion, shoot at a bird unless you know where your friend is. All the birds in "Kingdom Come" are not worth the risk of injuring or killing a person.

A perfect day is not measured by the birds shot, but by your ability to enjoy the "open" and your dog's fine work.

Never kill an entire covey; leave more than you kill for the next time, and for breeding purposes another year.

When in doubt, give the credit of shooting a bird to the other fellow; your readiness to do so will make him the more desirous of extending the same courtesy to you.

Make the great out-of-doors a part of your life, not incidental to it—the "Silent Places" are good for a man's soul.

Distemper

A reader of the Monthly writes as follows:

"My five months' old English setter pup has what appears to be a bad cold. He is listless and has lost his appetite. There seems to be a slight catarrhal discharge from his eyes and nostrils, he sneezes occasionally and is developing a dry husky cough. Please advise me as to care and medical treatment."

The puppy undoubtedly is suffering from distemper which is a germ disease of a serious nature. Care: Place in warm, dry, comfortable quarters and keep there until well. Change bedding frequently, remove discharge from eyes and nose with clean sponge and warm water, and feed highly nutritious foods such as mutton broth, boiled rice or oatmeal and milk mixed with small quantities of boiled mutton or beef. Give plenty of fresh water. Medical treatment: Dent's Distemperine is generally regarded as one of the best known remedies and may be secured from the druggist.

A New Hunting Dog?

"The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods" writes that her police dog (German Shepherd dog) "Portia" loves to go hunting for partridge, "and points as prettily as ever did a real bird dog." She adds: "I really believe that a new hunting dog, quite as intelligent as established breeds and even more hardy may be developed in the police dog with care and patience."

This Department would welcome further information on this subject from readers of the Monthly.

The Hunting Season Is Upon Us

What a welcome thrill it brings to the hunter to discover the first bit of foliage turning to bright colors in the swamp, to note that there is a chill in the air o'nights, and to suddenly realize that the "Open Season" is not many weeks away.

Guns are brought forth and recleaned while reminiscence vies with keen anticipation.

The new game laws in pet hunting States are studied with eagerness.

Good hunting dogs belonging to even strangers suddenly assume great value and importance.

The irresistible hunting fever is about to become endemic and all hunting mankind to become rejuvenated with days spent out in the open.

For the information of readers of the Monthly the following game laws are published herewith:

Where, When and What to Hunt

Minnesota

Duck, goose, brant, coot, Wilson snipe or jacksnipe, yellowlegs, gallinule.....Sept. 16-Dec. 31
Woodcock .....Oct. 1-Nov. 30
Deer, bull moose .....Nov. 10-Nov. 20
Quail .....Oct. 15-Nov. 30
Hunting licenses—Non-resident or alien: Animals, $50; birds, $15. Resident: Animals, $2; birds $1.

Wisconsin

Duck, coot or mud hen, gallinule, Wilson snipe or jacksnipe, black-bellied and golden plovers, yellowlegs .....Sept. 16-Dec. 20
Goose, brant .....Sept. 16-Dec. 31
Ruffed grouse (partridge), spruce hen (see exception) .....Oct. 4-Oct. 8
Exception: In Calumet, Manitowoc, and Winnebago Counties, no open season.
Deer (male, not less than one year old) in Pierce, Barron, Eau Claire, Clark, Wood, Lincoln, Landglade, Shawano, Oconto, and all counties north thereof (except Marathon) .....Nov. 13-Nov. 22
In Marathon and rest of state, no open season.

Hunting licenses—Non-resident: All game, $50; all game (except deer), $25. Resident, $1.

Illinois

Duck, goose, brant, Wilson snipe, gallinule, black-bellied and golden plovers, yellowlegs.....Sept. 16-Dec. 31
Quail (Bob-White) .....Nov. 10-Dec. 10
Prairie chicken .....Oct. 20-Oct. 31
Introduced pheasant (cocks) .....Oct. 1-Oct. 5
Hunting licenses—Non-resident, $10.50; resident, $1.

Michigan

Duck, goose, brant, Wilson snipe, coot, gallinule .....Sept. 16-Dec. 31
Black-bellied and golden plovers, yellowlegs .....Sept. 16-Dec. 15
Ruffed grouse (partridge), Woodcock ...Oct. 15-Nov. 20
Deer (male with horns not less than 3 inches above the skull) .....Nov. 10-Nov. 30
Hunting licenses—Non-resident: Deer, $50; small game, $10. Resident: Deer, $2.50; small game, $1.

Pennsylvania

Duck, goose, brant .....Sept. 16-Dec. 31
Ruffed grouse (partridge), ringnecked pheasant, Hungarian partridge, wild turkey, quail.....Nov. 1-Nov. 30
Woodcock .....Oct. 1-Nov. 30
Deer—male with horns 4 inches above the skull .....Dec. 1-Dec. 15
Hunting licenses—Non-resident, $10. Resident, $1 from county treasurer, $1.15 through Justice of the Peace.

New York

Waterfowl, Wilson snipe or jacksnipe, coot, gallinule .....Sept. 16-Dec. 31
Black-bellied and golden plovers, yellowlegs .....Aug. 16-Nov. 30
Ruffed grouse (partridge) .....Oct. 15-Nov. 15
Pheasant, male only (4 days only)...Oct. 20 and 27, Nov. 5 and 12.
Woodcock .....Oct. 1-Nov. 15
Deer (with horns not less than 3 inches long, in Adirondack region (see exception).....Oct. 15-Nov. 15
Deer (with horns not less than 3 inches long) in Columbia, Delaware, Greene, Orange, Rensselaer, Sullivan and Ulster Counties .....Nov. 1-Nov. 15
Hunting licenses—Non-resident or alien, $10.50; resident, $1.10.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Bird Lore

by Bob Becker

French River Camp, Ontario.

WRITING from this famous old fishing grounds in Ontario, the scene of many early and romantic explorations, we are well aware of the fact that the birds have started their long "trek" south to escape the winters of the middle west. Every day that we have spent along this river has given us an opportunity to watch the birds and the wilderness country that surrounds the French river sure is filled with a large bird population.

We've had some interesting bird experiences since leaving the big city last June as prowling around through Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and Ontario—well, you just can't help bumping into all sorts of experiences. It's been the same with you, we're sure. For instance, here is one little incident that sticks out in our mind.

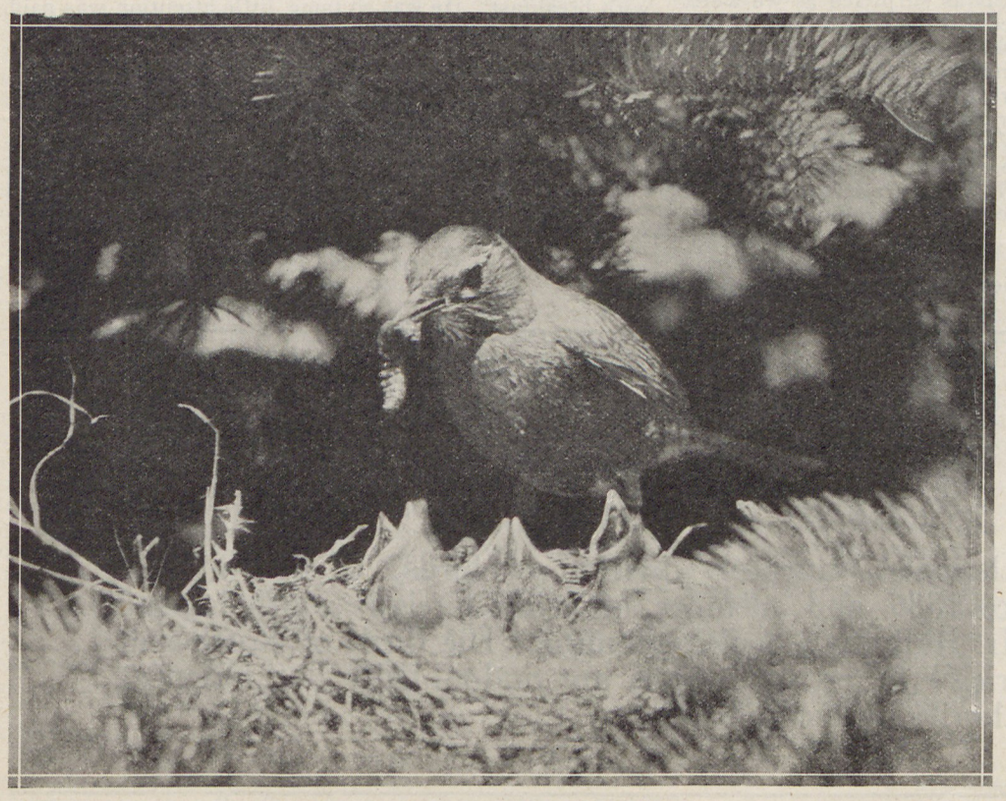
A couple of Indian guides were paddling us down the Nipigon river about 12 o'clock one day last month. We had just been fishing a stretch of rapids for trout and the crew was feeling pretty good as three trout were in the boat—beauties. Looking downstream, an osprey could be seen in the air. It was flying and hovering over a stretch of shallow water where the river broadened before it pitched into some rapids. For several minutes we watched the big bird "covering" that piece of water. No doubt but what that was good hunting, or rather, fishing grounds. There were trout there, all right. Mr. Osprey circled and fluttered and then like a shot, down he went to hit the water with a splash. Laboriously the bird climbed into the air. His fishing was a success. In his claws was a small fish.

We spoke to the Indians about the bird as they, too, had been watching it. One of the boys remarked that the osprey was a bad actor as far as trout are concerned and he told us of killing one of these birds in the stomach of which he found two trout weighing about a pound each. Looks as if Mr. Osprey liked speckled trout all right.

* * *

While at Charley Hazen's fishing lodge on Long Lake near Phelps, Wisconsin, we were living in a regular bird "chautauqua." Mrs. Hazen has had remarkable success in attracting birds and she has the patience and ingenuity to bring a number of species to her home where many of them live the year 'round. Never have we seen so many martin houses assembled so close together and, mind you, all were occupied. All our preconceived ideas of placing martin houses have been "shot" by Mrs. Hazen's experience. She has them close to buildings and close to each other, and the birds are keen for them. As for English sparrows, listen how this pest is taken care of at the Hazen ranch. Every spring a dozen or so appear. Charley loads up the old shotgun and for a day or two wages war on the sparrows. At the end of war there is not a sparrow on the place and the wrens, martins, bluebirds and other birds have a fine time. During the winter there are almost as many birds around the Hazen ranch as there are in summer. Mrs. Hazen has feeding places kept clear of snow. To these the birds come and she has them eating out of her hand.

By the way it is getting close to the time when winter feeding places should be put up for the birds. If you haven't tried this stunt it is well worth your while. The number of birds that will accept your hospitality is surprising. And it doesn't require a heap of work to make either a window feeding place or to nail up a few chunks of suet. Of that more later as we will have to swap our experiences in attracting birds, this winter.



Robin feeding its young. Photo by C. M. Hand

While in camp on the Nipigon river, Ontario, we had a circus with a couple of owls. One evening while sitting around the campfire there sounded above the roar of the rapids, the call of an owl. We grabbed the flashlight and started for Mr. Owl. Instead of one we found a pair. Sneaking up close to one we turned the "sunshine" on him and then began making all kinds of squeaks and noises. It was a regular three ring circus. The poor bird, blinded by the powerful light, its eyes glowing like two coals of fire, twisted and turned its head until we thought it would twist it off. Then when my "music" began to sound particularly squeaky, the

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

bird got real excited, fluttered back and forth on the limb of the tree, and more than "danced" for us. After a few minutes it moved on to another tree where it repeated the performance. This happened on one evening and on the next the show was repeated. It seemed quite natural to have owls around the place as what camp is complete without their music?

The other day while on a fishing trip up the French river, we surprised another fisherman on the job and the meeting was such that we wished for our camera. When you go from the French river camp here, it is necessary to make several portages to reach the Pine rapids where the small mouth and 'lunge hold forth. While the Indians were carrying the duffle and canoes over, we strolled ahead to see if we could snag a fish from the pool above the rapids. It was a case of going over a rocky knob and as we slid down the side of us toward the pool, a big bird hopped into the air and dropped not 20 feet from us. Guess the blue heron was as surprised as we were. For several seconds we looked at each other long enough for a picture. The heron had been fishing a small pool in the rocks in which crayfish were abundant.

Next month look for a real bunch of bird pictures. The Bird Photo Contest for that $125 camera closes in December so it's high time you were getting that photograph entered. Any photo of a wild American bird can be entered, you know. Walt Hastings writes us that he has a couple ready to shoot besides a bunch of other interesting bird photos that he secured while on an expedition this past summer. So watch this corner next month. "Portraits" will be plentiful. Meantime remember that we will be glad to hear about your bird experiences, irrespective of photos, and we will pass 'em along to the rest of the bunch.

Nest and young of ruby-throated humming bird. Photo by C. M. Hand.

Paducah, Ky.

DEAR BOB:—

Everybody seems to know you as Bob, so I guess it is o. k. for me to be familiar too. I am an ardently enthusiastic reader of "Bird Lore" and though I know very little about birds I am a true friend and through your department hope to become better acquainted.

I am sending herewith a couple of entries in the contest. I do not claim to be an expert in bird photography and in this case all the credit goes to the birds, for had they not been such willing subjects, I would never have gotten them.

The robin picture was made in Denver, the nest in a silver spruce. I had gone out to make a snap of the young birds when the old one accommodatingly flew in with breakfast. He was so tame, little attention was paid to the camera although the instrument and myself were within two feet.

The other is the nest and young of a ruby throated humming bird. At least I think it was the ruby throated variety, and the picture was made at Santa Monica, California. Both were taken with Ica Camera, Carl Zeiss Tessar Lens, Aperature F 5:6-1/25 Second.

Trusting the contest will be a huge success and followed by others, I am,

Yours for more "Bird Lore,"
C. M. Hand.

IN OUR NOVEMBER ISSUE

we will have a paper on the Bob White by

ROBERT RIDGWAY

famous ornithologist, Curator, division of birds, U. S. National Museum since 1880 and member of every foreign ornithologists' congress. Mr. Ridgway's books including "The Birds of North and Middle America" in eight volumes are undoubtedly our foremost American authority on bird life.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

Behind a Screen of Fog

By M. W. BALLANCE, D. D. S.

THERE is a chapter that lies hidden in every man's life who loves to feel the thrill which comes to him when a four-pound bass hits his lure, that stands out above all others. After several years of such thrills and much experience at bait casting and most every form of trying to lure the "King of the Waters" from his hiding place, I am going to relate to you what I look back upon as the "red letter" day of my life.

Accompanied by my wife and two sons, we drove to our club lake some seven miles south of our home. The lake is an artificial one but a dandy, covering some sixty acres with five prongs to it and at the head of each is a large spring that runs the year round which keeps the water very clear. It ranges from 1 to 35 feet in depth and is almost completely surrounded by a heavy oak forest.

The first morning after our arrival, just as day was breaking and the air was filled with the songs of the forest birds, I was awakened by my oldest son who is 17 years old and who has inherited a love of the outdoors and is a fairly close observer of things and conditions. He said: "Dad, there is a heavy fog all over the lake about three feet high and I believe it is a good morning to try to land that big fellow you have been laying for across the lake."

Three or four times I had seen this big bass feeding at a certain point among some old logs on the far side of the lake but had so far never tempted him. I selected as my weapon a long slim cane pole some three or four years old which I had kept varnished and liked very much for trolling. I took from a spool a piece of 16-lb. test line, fastened it to the pole at my hand, then up to the tip and to this I attached a large tandem spinner. I took my seat in the front of the boat and directed my son to row me quietly to the field of battle.

Slipping through the fog we glided until we came near enough to the place where I had already decided to try for the fish first. I dropped my spinner between two logs which lay about three feet apart, with a third lying across them at the south end.

I drew the lure through the water near the surface but got no response. Then I repeated this, letting my spinner sink a couple of feet in the water, still no response, but I said to myself that the old cuss was just bull headed and thought he wouldn't strike. Then the third time I tried it, letting my spinner sink a little deeper. And then came the shock of my life. He **struck,** and then and there I was tied up with the biggest and liveliest fish job I had ever had on my hands.

The water at this point was about 12 feet deep and I think he got mud on his nose the first dive he made. He then shot under the log farthest from me and seemed to be content with lying still. When I began to lead him out I could feel by the way he pulled on my line it was the old war horse himself I had hooked. I knew my only chance to land him was to get him out of the pen of logs **(but how to do it).** I could not stop to read some book on the technique of landing a six-lb. bass under such conditions. My heart was giving me considerable trouble. Roswell, my son, kept urging me to land him outright and have it over. He always thought Dad could do anything but he did not know, as many of my readers will not appreciate, what Dad had on his hands just now.

Every time I brought him close enough to the top of the water that he could see us, down he would go, first under one log, then the other. Why are logs in lakes anyway? "Dad, bring him out this way; that's right, keep him coming." But down he went again. I can frankly say in the what seemed to be hours I was in the fight I only breathed once and that breath was a prayer. But I don't believe prayers like that are answered, for just at that moment he shot straight from me with all his force and left me sitting lifeless with about three feet of line on the end of my pole.

Roswell sank back on his seat and seemed to heave a sigh of relief. Really, I do not believe the boy could have stood the strain must longer.

Once more I was brought face to face with the fact that I might be master of some things but not of all things. It was a fair fight and I had lost. As we glided slowly back across the lake to our cottage the silence was only broken once when Roswell said: "Well, Dad, you just couldn't cut her."

I have a great deal of respect for that old lad but if I ever tie up with him again, I am going in after him, clothes and all.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

THE first year of the fishing story contest conducted by this magazine closed with the July issue. Mr. Elmer E. Rawdon of Akron, Ohio, was announced in our last issue as the winner of the first prize, a fifty dollar fly or bait casting rod (Mr. Rawdon chose a fly rod).

The second prize of the choice of any reel either for bait or fly rod was won by Mr. Lionel L. Phillips of Belleville, New Jersey.

The third prize of autographed copies of Dr. van Dyke's "Fisherman's Luck," Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" and Zane Grey's "Tales of Fishes" was won by Mr. Walter C. Taylor of St. Louis, Missouri.

The fourth prize of a hand made leather reel case presented by Mr. George Geolz of New Palestine, Indiana, was won by Mr. Thomas Townsend of Marshalltown, Iowa.

The fifth prize of an autographed copy of "Tragic Fishing Moments" by Will H. Dilg was won by Mr. Henry H. Dean, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Poles Versus Rods"

By HARRY FORBES

YOU'VE all heard of Paul Dresser's song, "On the Banks of the Wabash." Well, this little stream that I'm going to tell you about flows into the Wabash some 20 miles above Terre Haute. It is called Big Raccoon, and its waters are among the purest in the State of Indiana and the small mouth Black Bass seem to be more plentiful here than in any of the other small streams in these parts, and fighters! Oh, boys, but they sure do battle, and one fellow in particular (that I hope some day to meet again) positively doesn't know what the word **quit** means.

A bunch of us hit this little stream in the early Fall, about 5 miles north east of Rosedale and had quite a nice day of it, and right here I would like to state that a grand opportunity leaped in front of me on this day to demonstrate the difference between a TAKEABLE bass and a PUT-BACK-IN-THE-WATER bass. Late in the afternoon I took a bass which measured 10¼ inches, and as this happened close to the getting out

place the gang was all there. I held him up and said, "What shall I do with him, boys?" All but one said "Keep him! he's over the limit, you're crazy if you put **him** back." I said, "I may be crazy, but listen (as I laid him alongside of a 2 pounder), now look at the difference between those two fish. Can't you boys see that in another year the little fellow will be as large as the big one, and what sport it will be for some fellow to have a chance at him, where at his present size he is too small to kill and too small to eat." With that I put him back in the water and away he went. Since that time I have been on trips with all of these fellows and every one of them have learned the habit of putting the little ones back.

There was one fellow in the party who knows the stream like a book, and who uses a John pole (a John pole is the plain cane pole seen stacked in front of hardware stores and fishing tackle houses during fishing season) with good success. He uses no reel, just a line same length or a little longer than the pole, and he was telling me how fine the outfit was for "plugging in" around the logs and snags, and that it had it on the rod and reel for this kind of work in the small streams like Big Raccoon, so I fell for the dope and decided to try it out on my next trip, which was one week later when three of us hit the stream a few miles north of Bridgeton one fine morning at daybreak in the middle of October. There was just enough frost in the air to give a fellow a loto' "pep," and the minnows in the riffles were "peppy" too, and hard to catch. (Yes, I'm a live bait fisherman, but am trying awful hard to learn how to cast the fly.)

We had never fished the stream at this point before so, of course, the water was strange to us, and after we had secured our minnows and were all ready to start in I told my two pals to go down stream and I would go up, and if they found good fishing to "stick," and I would do likewise; if either of us, however, found conditions bad, then the thing to do would be to hunt up the other party. With minnow bucket in one hand and old John pole in the other, my trip up stream for over half a mile was void of anything worth while, nothing but riffles, sandbars and shallow water. I was about to turn back, when on making a sharp turn in the stream I ran into one of the prettiest pools I ever saw—the stream widened out here to several times its regular width and a stretch of good deep water a quarter mile long lay before me. The hole was spotted with sunken logs, fallen trees, brush piles and large rocks—an ideal place for Big Raccoon's gamey small mouth.

I was compelled to hug the right bank to keep the water from going in my waders—making a cast now and then on the edge of a brush pile or up under the willows, but there was nothing doing. About this time the water got so deep that I had to get out on the bank, and just around a big clump of willows I came to a sharp point running out into the stream, and about 10 feet out from this point was a huge log laying on the bottom lengthways of the stream, in about 5 feet of water. While the water was clear I had to catch the light just right to be able to see the log at all. I had no more than laid a minnow on the edge of this log when I heard the sound of voices coming from down stream, then the singing of two reels and a pair of "plugs" hitting the water. Presently two fishermen broke through the willows and asked me "What luck?" "Just came," I said. "Well," said one, "there is certainly a big one in here." "How do you know?" I said. "I have seen him a number of times this summer," he said, "and he looks like a submarine going through the water after minnows, and about a week ago he took a 'plug' from me, and broke this line." I looked at the line which was a new 40-lb. test black Japanese silk casting line. "Just about where is this fellow's favorite hang out?" I said. "Right under that log where you are fishing," he replied, and with this remark the two fellows walked on along the bank casting their "plugs" out into the stream. I stood there watching them until they were nearly out of sight, wondering if they were trying to kid me about the big one, and half unconscious that I had that 15-ft. John pole in my hand and my minnow swimming somewhere around that log, when Bang! something almost jerked the pole from my hand. I tried to lift, but the brother was lodged under that log and refused to move. I could feel him tugging, so I figured that catching me asleep he went under the log and wrapped the line around a snag. Resting him a bit I tried again and this time my line came out shy the hook and minnow. You see he had me at a disadvantage, because I was compelled to cast over the log, and when he ran underneath from the other side I had no chance. I was reaching for another minnow, when I glanced out in midstream and saw a sandbar about waist deep. Now if I can only get out on that, I said to myself, I would stand a better chance to play him, so walking down the bank to shallow water I waded over and came back on the other side, and waded out to the bar, the water nearly going over in my waders before reaching my point of vantage, and after getting out there I had a time locating the log but finally found it, and made a cast at the lower end, with no response. Well, I'll give you a rest, I said, and made a cast under some willows close to the other bank, and Zip! one took it and ran downstream as far as my John pole and outstretched arm would let him go. He tried to make for the log where the big boy hangs out, but I turned him shoreward under the willows and landed him on the bank, a 2½ pound small mouth.

After bagging this boy, I put on the biggest minnow in the bucket, a 5-inch "slippery dick" and made a cast at the upper end of the log. The minnow rested on the surface for a second, then made a dive for the depths, but he didn't get far as the old boy evidently saw him coming, and Lord o' mercy how he hit 'im, and he fooled me by tearing off upstream at express train speed instead of making for his home under the log. And right here, after feeling the heft of this fellow I would have given a million for my bamboo and reel, as I realized that while a clumsy John pole might be alright for some things, it was no fit implement for handling a real-for-goodness he bass, but I was in for it so must do the best I could; so turning him toward the other bank he nearly tore the pole from my hands, then he rushed back downstream, then diagonally across for his log, but here I bucked him and when he felt the sharp steel he raved and plunged and made three successive leaps into the air, and, Lord, such a bass as I had never laid my eyes upon. My eyes might have magnified — I know they were bulging, but he honestly looked to be 20 inches long. Away he went back upstream again and when I turned him he came straight at me, making a leap that seemed to be straight at my head, but when in the air he shook out the hook and fell about 3 feet in front of me. I made no effort to grab him and for just a second he seemed to be stunned and lay perfectly still, but when he found himself free, I saw a dark flash through the water and he was gone. How long I stood there I do not know, but when I woke up I was shaking like a leaf and my heart was about ready to jump out of my shirt. The waving willows on the bank faded from my view, while the deep blue water seemed but a blur as I slowly waded out to the bank, picked up my minnow bucket and hit a short cut trail across the fields.

About two miles downstream I found my pals. They saw me coming and yelled, "Where's the John pole and what luck?" My answer was, "To h—— with the John pole, let's go home." And right now I don't remember what I did with that John pole, neither do I care. Well, we ate lunch, and I insisted that my pals go back and finish out the day, while I would sit in the car and smoke my pipe and read, but after hearing my story about the "big boy" and seeing how I felt about the thing, they decided that they would call it a day also.

So we drove back to the city, fully intending to fish the same water before cold weather set in, but one thing after another came up and result was we did not get back, but I'm going back, at the first opportunity, you can bet your last dime on that—and I hope and pray that the Big Raccoon speed marvel is waiting there under that log for me when I do get there, and if he beats me in the next battle, me and my bamboo, then I'll take my hat off to the old boy and wish him an everlasting life, with an inexhaustible supply of nice, choice minnows always within easy reach of his smacking lips.

Waltonians who have read Harold T. Pulsifer's essays on angling with barbless hooks will enjoy

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"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

(Continued from page 104)

Open Season Dates Inclusive

Long Island

Waterfowl, Wilson snipe or jacksnipe, coot, mudhen, gallinule .....Oct. 16-Jan. 31
Black-bellied and golden plovers, yellowlegs .....Aug. 16-Nov. 30.
Hunting licenses—Non-resident, $10.50; resident, $1.10.

Massachusetts

Duck, goose, brant, jacksnipe, coot, gallinule .....Sept. 16-Dec. 31
Yellowlegs, golden and black-bellied plover .....Aug. 16-Nov. 30
Ruffed grouse (partridge), quail, pheasants (male only) in all counties except Dukes, woodcock .....Oct. 20-Nov. 20
Deer, sunrise of first Monday of December to sunset of following Saturday.
Hunting licenses—Non-resident, $10; resident, $2.

Maine

Duck, goose, brant, Wilson snipe, coot, gallinule .....Sept. 16-Dec. 31
Black-bellied and golden plovers, yellowlegs .....Aug. 16-Nov. 30
Ruffed grouse (partridge), woodcock ....Oct. 1-Nov. 30
Deer (see exceptions).....Oct. 1-Nov. 30
Exceptions: In Hancock and Washington Counties .....Oct. 15-Dec. 14
In Androscoggin, Cumberland, Kennebec, Knox, Lincoln, Sagadahoc, Waldo and York Counties .....Nov. 1-Nov. 30
Hunting licenses—Non-resident, deer and birds; $15; resident, $.25.

Further information concerning Game Laws of all States may be obtained by writing the Editor of Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen.

DOG AND CAMERA PRIZE CONTEST

No guns may be carried when photographs for this contest are taken. The contest is open and will close on November 1.

First Prize - Eastman Kodak
Second Prize - Ingersoll Wrist Watch
Third Prize - Dog Collar

Each photograph must be accompanied by a statement of conditions under which it is taken, name of dog, and his age; the time, place, species of game pointed, picture of camera-hunter, his name, address, and any other information of interest.

All readers of the I. W. L. Monthly are eligible. Send photographs and information to The Editor of "Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen" care of I. W. L. Monthly.

The prizes will be awarded by Marguerite Ives, Donald Hough, and Travers D. Carman, who will act as judges.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Annual Contributing Member of the League . . .	$ 25.00
National Life Member of the League	100.00
Fellows of the League	500.00
Founder of the League	1000.00
Patron of the League	5000.00

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Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Brief News of the Chapters of the

Chattanooga, Tenn.

R. W. CLEMONS, of Chattanooga, announces that a successful membership campaign has been concluded and as a consequence several hundred names have been added to the roster of that chapter. Chattanooga merchants offered seven prizes and cooperated in every possible way with the efforts of the League membership committee. Mr. Clemons himself secured 95 new members and his closest competitor 92. The officers of the Chattanooga Chapter are: C. G. Walline, Pres.; M. L. Hogshead, Vice-Pres.; R. W. Clemons, Treas.

Philadelphia

MR. JAMES RIGHTER, President of the Philadelphia Chapter, was the speaker at the August meeting. He spoke on baits and how to keep them

PAUL MALONE
Treasurer, St. Paul Chapter

and the Salt Water boys sure pulled up their chairs and listened attentively. Bad fishing weather brought the boys to the meeting and good work was done to help the League in their efforts to prevent the Upper Mississippi Drainage.

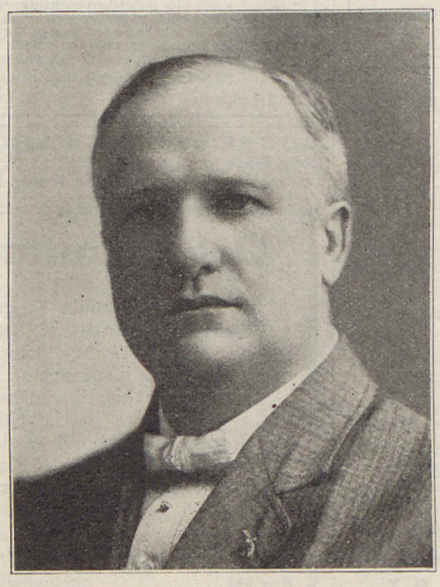
Frank G. Smeltz, Fred Brinkman, Pop Lehnert, Lou Drueding, Frank Zeller and Doc. Bradford, our Treasurer, told of their summer vacation fishing experiences. But the big one still got away.

The Club prizes are being well competed for and many of the Adelphia Anglers are working consistently (some overtime) to win the GOEPEL TROPHY for 1923. The First Prize Silver Loving Cup is still open for larger fish—last year a 6¼-lb. Black Bass took it, but it's got to be big this year—8 lbs. or nothing.

Charlie Miller needs some prompting or maybe he is busy catching fish for some special prizes.

Our secretary—his honor—Charles H. Goepel, Jr., the fellow who does all the work, is about to become a Benedict. Poor Boy—Now he will have to sneak away to the meetings too!

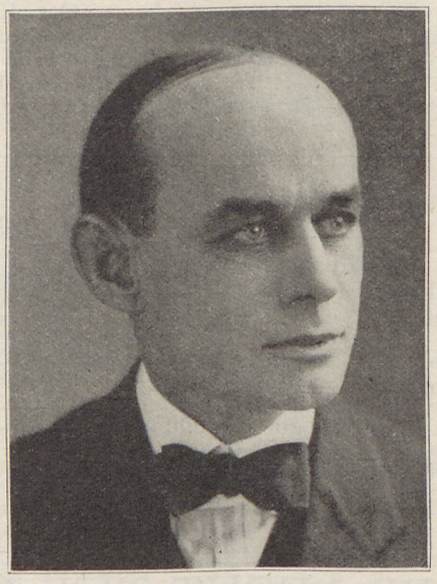
The Philadelphia Chapter again wishes to bring the Chapter to the attention of fishermen and sportsmen of Philadelphia that they are the Local Headquarters for the National League. We invite you to attend our meetings on the fourth Tuesday of each month, in the Bank Building, Germantown Ave., above Somerset St. We want your cooperation, we want your help, and you can be one of us and enjoy the good we are doing. Write the secretary, C. H. Goepel, Jr., 905 Unruh Street, Phila., and he will mail you notice of the meetings.



FRANK H. WIELANDY
President, St. Louis Chapter

Kansas City, Mo.

THE heart of America chapter of the Izaak Walton League today stands among the first three chapters in the country. Kansas City may never "catch" Chicago in the membership drive, but Kansas City will give Will Dilg's home city a battle that will cause much activity on the shores of Lake Michigan. At the recent meeting of the local chapter the membership list showed a marked increase, and now there are close to eight hundred fishermen and hunters in Kansas City wearing the Izaak Walton button.



DR. ROYDEN E. TULL
President, Rockford, Ill., Chapter

The officers of the Kansas City chapter are: Rev. B. A. Jenkins, Pres.; S. C. Wilson, Sec.; T. T. Crittenden, Jr., 1st Vice-Pres.; F. H. DeCon, 2nd Vice-Pres.; J. R. Cunningham, Treas.

Peoria, Ill.

HOW Peoria will angle for one of three shooting grounds provided for Illinois in a bill passed by the state legislature was discussed Friday night at a meeting of the Izaak Walton club in the Association of Commerce building.

The legislature appropriated $100,000 for the three shooting grounds, according to the understanding of members of the club, who say with perfectly justifiable pride and grati-

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Izaak Walton League of America

fication that Representative Robert Scholes of Peoria was among those instrumental in obtaining the appropriation.

One of the shooting grounds is intended for the northern part of the state, another for the southern part, and the third for central Illinois.

If Peoria hopes to be successful in her try for the shooting grounds to be given the central part of the state, she must increase the membership of the Izaak Walton club here, members say. The Peoria club has a membership of but 200, as compared with a membership of 500, of which Springfield boasts.

The officers of the Peoria Chapter are: President, B. Frank Brown; Vice President, Andrew Distler; Secretary, H. J. Vance; Treasurer, Ida May Scholes.

McGregor, Iowa FRED BELL, of the Mcgregor Chapter, according to word received from Doc Webb, has been adopted into the Winnebago tribe of Indians. Mr. Bell has interested himself keenly in the Winnebagoes and has for years been held in their high regard. It was through his efforts that a group of that tribe attended the wild life school at McGregor last month.

Mr. Bell was given the name North Star, which, according to Doc, is pronounced something as though it were spelled "We Laga Sha Schutch Ga." (He admits the spelling is only guess work but adds that there is no chance of Mr. Bell having his mail opened by mistake.)

The officers of the McGregor Chapter are: E. H. Prior,

T. T. CRITTENDEN, JR.
First Vice-President, Kansas City, Mo.

Pres.; C. J. Jackson, Vice Pres.; C. F. Widman, Secy.; C. F. Limbeck, Treas.

Dyersville, Iowa THREE thousand bass have been received by the Dyersville Chapter and were placed in the local streams and also into Walton Lake where they will be safeguarded as foundation stock for local waters. A committee of chapter members assisted in depositing the fish from the government tank cars.

The officers of the Dyersville Chapter are: A. C. Fink, Pres.; Harry Woestmann, Secy.; Chas. O. Tippert, Vice Pres.; Jos. C. Sudmeier, Treas.

Joliet, Ill. WILL County Chapter, Joliet, Ill., is getting ready for a fall and winter campaign which will bring the chapter membership up to an estimated figure of 1,500. A recent field day held on the island at Wilmington, on the Kankakee river, brought out a crowd of more than 3,000. A casting tournament was one of the prominent features. Will County members are impatiently awaiting the return of Rev. W. H. Macpherson, who has been traveling the haunts of Izaak Walton in England, securing pictures and material for a lecture on the famous philosopher and angler.

The officers of the Joliet Chapter are: Dr. G. D. Webb, Pres.; M. S. Heiss, Secy.; Dr. Tom Mulford, Vice-Pres.; George Blackburn, Treas.

Laurel, Neb. MEMBERS of the Cedar County Chapter have sent the following letter to Washington.

President Calvin Coolidge,
White House, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

It is the consensus of opinion among our 54 members that the Winnesheik bottom lands, which lie along the Upper Mississippi river, between Lynxville and DeSoto, Wis., should not be drained. Several of our members come from that district. Please, Mr. President, do what you can to stop this project. From Dubuque, Iowa, myself, I am fully aware of the great loss to Outdoor America that will

GEORGE W. WATSON
President, Fond du Lac, Wis.

KENNETH D. PHILLIPS
Secretary, Omaha, Neb., Chapter

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

result from draining these lowlands along the Mississippi river. Kindly urge our next National Congress to purchase all of the Upper Mississippi river bottoms lying between Lake Pepin and Rock Island, Ill., for a National Preserve, for the people of the Central West, who are the back-bone of your country and my country. With best wishes,

Yours for conservation, F. J. EMBRICK, Pres.

Other officers of the Laurel Chapter are: C. W. Tolles, Vice-Pres.; H. A. Peterson, Secy.; J. B. Bessire, Treas.

St. Johns, Mich. THE St. Johns Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has already begun its activities in the conservation of fish and game life in Clinton Co., Michigan. One of the largest streams in the county is Maple River, a tributary to the Grand River and an excellent breeding place for usual types of fish found in the streams of Central Michigan. Reports came in to the officers of the Chapter that large numbers of dead fish were found along the banks of the stream below Ovid, Michigan, due, presumably, to some source of pollution in the waters above. The officers investigated the report and found conditions as represented, whereupon, they appealed to the State Department of Conservation. This Department, upon receipt of the complaint, sent their investigators to the stream and analyzed the water. They found a low percentage of dissolved oxygen in the stream below Ovid and traced the source of pollution to the Ovid Creamery located on the banks of the stream at Ovid. The investigators brought out the fact that about seven and one-half tons of sour milk had previously been emptied into the stream from the creamery and the resulting pollution had destroyed the large number of fish.

Authorities of the creamery were notified and steps were taken to stop this form of stream pollution in the future.

While this particular incident is not so exciting in magnitude, we believe that it is an obejct lesson to people and other industries in the community. Our local chapter has taken the initiative in this conservation measure and has excited the interest of the community in this phase of conservation.

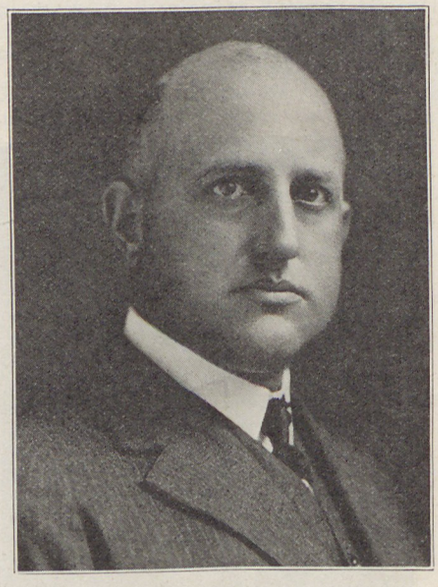
The officers of the St. Johns Chapter are: Roland J. Frink, President; Glenn B. Danley, Vice-President; Leon O. Titus, Secretary-Treasurer.

M. L. GOCHENOUR
President, Warsaw, Ind., Chapter

M. L. HOGHHEAD
Vice-President, Chattanooga

Sullivan, Ill. THE Sullivan Chapter on July 28, placed a quantity of government black bass fingerlings in the municipal lake and will shortly add a number of adult fishes. This lake has for a number of years been protected by local laws. Closed seasons during the spawning period having protected the water long before the state awakened to the necessity of such action.

The officers of the Sullivan Chapter are: George A. Roney, President; O. F. Foster, Secretary; Frank Reese, Vice-President; Frank Gibbon, Treasurer.



J. E. RAHM
Second Vice-President, Kansas City, Mo., Heart of America Chapter

Eldon, Mo. THE Eldon, Missouri, Chapter has the distinction of counting in its membership Mr. B. D. Roark, past ninety years of age, a farmer, and a veteran fisherman and hunter. Mr. Roark displayed immediate interest in the Eldon Chapter and the work of the League. The Chapter, according to J. A. Taylor, Secretary, is growing steadily and the membership will be substantially increased during the fall and winter months.

The officers of the Chapter are: L. H. Gunter, President; Guy T. Godfrey, Vice-President; S. T. Harrison, Treasurer; Dr. J. A. Taylor, Secretary.

Kankakee, Ill. ONE of the three state fish hatcheries of Illinois is to be located in Kankakee. The vats are to be placed at the Kankakee State Hospital grounds and will be constructed of cement. The plant, it is expected, will be ready some time during the winter and the first supply of fish will be ready for the Kankakee River early next year.

Kankakee Chapter members are more than jubliant over the prospects of the hatchery. The creek which runs through the hospital grounds and empties into the Kankakee will be, experts say, an ideal place for hatching fish.

The officers of the Kankakee Chapter are: G. B. Smith,

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

President; A. J. Wunderlich, Treasurer; A. L. Beckman, Secretary.

Lansing, Mich.

MEMBERS of the Lansing Chapter held a picnic August ninth, at Park Lake. There were sports and entertainments of all kinds, including contests in bait casting, fly casting, and trapshooting. Nearly a thousand persons attended. Mr. Loving, proprietor of the resort and a member of the League, furnished the ox-roast for the occasion.

Officers of the Lansing Chapter: President, Andrew T. Shivley; Vice-President, Dr. Fred Dillingham; Secretary, Dr. R. W. Morse; Treasurer, Dr. Harry C. Benson.

Sycamore, Ill.

OVER 750 names have been signed to the National Izaak Walton League petition which is being circulated in this city by the local members. The petition is against the drainage of the upper Mississippi River and is being introduced into every city and village where a chapter is located.

This city has been subdivided into divisions so that each Waltonian may visit each house and secure as many names as possible. It is the intention of the Sycamore Chapter to secure 1,000 signatures, but according to the number already signed up, it is more than likely that it will run close to 1,500.

Farmers in the country are also interested in it and especially the league members who work in conjunction with

J. C. THOMPSON
Secretary-Treasurer, Canton Chapter

the city. In the rural districts the members report a good sized number, but of course not to compare with the city. Those interested would confer a favor by getting in touch with Earl Wetzel or George Sells; both are on State Street, and in the business district.

Moline, Ill.

A WHOLE carload of fish will be brought to the Hennepin Canal and Rock River as soon as the weather warms up, according to S. G. Mace, president of the Moline Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America. The fish will be distributed to local waters from special request of the Moline Chapter to the Spring Grove hatchery, from where the fish will be sent.

The fish en route to Moline will travel in a "palace sleeping car." This car, designed for the purpose of transporting live fish from the state hatcheries to points over the state, contains 12 large tanks with a capacity of 150,000 fingerlings. The fingerlings are baby fish one to two inches long.

Above the tanks are sleeping berths for the crew manning the car, while in one end is a kitchen, and in the other a parlor and dining room.

The fish are supplied by artificial air pumped directly into the water by a force pump. The fish could not live long in the tanks while housed, as the air of the inside is not sufficient for their sustenance.

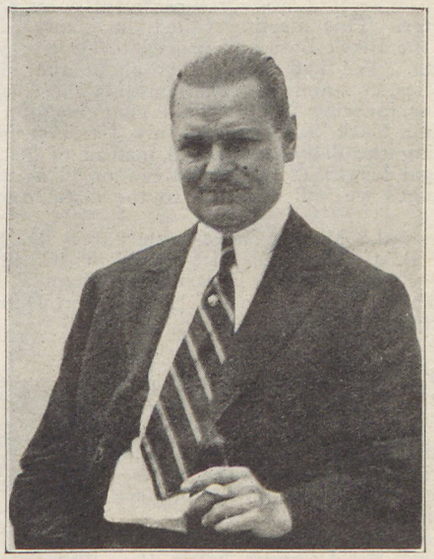
Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

The officers of the Moline Chapter are: President, S. G. Mace; Vice-President, W. C. Jirdinson; Secretary, W. O'Hare; Treasurer, D. H. Hartwell.

De Kalb, Ill.

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE members at their meeting on Thursday evening will inaugurate their drive to secure over 400 members who have already signified their intention of becoming affiliated with the order. Everything has been taken care of with the exception of signing on the dotted line and it is expected that this work will soon be taken care of and the order in this city made one of the largest insofar as enrollment is concerned.

Many people have the wrong conception of the League, carrying the belief that it is one for fishermen and hunters. There are many members who have never caught a real life-sized fish. The chief purpose of the League is to pre-



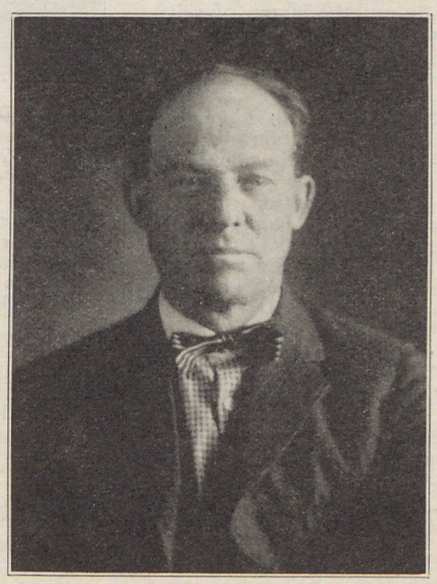
WALTER C. TAYLOR
2nd Vice-President, St. Louis Chapter

serve the great outdoors, and to see that certain conditions needful to this country relating to natural outdoor resources are taken care of and taken care of right.

Lee M. Munger is the Secretary of the Chapter.

Michigan City, Ind.

THE membership drive of the Michigan City Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, which



OLIVER L. BROWN
Vice-President, Sycamore Chapter

ended Sunday with a basket lunch picnic at Lake Park, was a big success. A large number of Ikes and their families and friends attended the picnic. The reports turned in to date show an approximate gain in membership of 90 per cent.

Everyone present at the picnic reported having had a splendid time. A short talk on conservation in general was given by George Manfeldt, superintendent of game and fisheries of the Indiana state conservation department, of Indianapolis, a distinguished guest at the picnic and a man whom every sportsman and lover of out-door life should hear. It is hoped to have Mr. Manfeldt speak at a meeting of the Michigan City Chapter soon.

Officers of the Michigan City Chapter are: President, Wm. F. C. Dall; Vice President, Georgie Bull; Secretary, L. J. Mayer; Treasurer, F. C. Bartholomew.

Mason City, Iowa

A "BLACK Bass Night" was held recently by the Mason City Chapter. This meeting called out many of the real friends of the Black Bass and proved to be a very interesting meeting. We had brief talks about the black bass, characteristics, etc., and before adjourning, the Chapter went on record as favoring for Iowa, the changing of the season by obtaining black bass season July 1st, instead of May 15th, limiting the daily catch to 8 instead of 20 and making the legal length 12 inches instead of 10 as at present. These changes we will advocate to the next Iowa General Assembly.

Officers of the Mason City Chapter are: D. M. Evans, President; B. C. Higgins, Vice-President; C. F. Weaver, Secretary; Don McPeak, Treasurer. Chapter Directors: D. M. Evans, B. C. Higgins, C. F. Weaver, Don McPeak, D. W. Grippin.

Chicago

DR. HARRY C. OBERHOLSER of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., was the principal speaker at the opening banquet of the Chicago Chapter's fall and winter season.

Dr. Oberholser stated fairly and squarely that the League's battle to save the Upper Mississippi bottom lands was right and just and that without concerted action of an organization of the League's caliber the upper lands were threatened with destruction.

Regarding the specific example of the Winneshiek bottoms Dr. Oberholser declared that farm lands resulting from drainage would not be of sufficient value to outweigh the chances for agriculture and the value of the lands as they are for agricultural purposes.

In short he put the stamp of scientific approval on the League's fight to save the Upper Mississippi and the making of those lands into a federal preserve.

Harvey H. Cluff of Salt Lake City, Attorney General of Utah, delivered a brief address complimenting the League on its work and pledging his support to the organization.

Every person in the banquet room signed a letter to President Coolidge protesting the drainage and urging an Upper Mississippi preserve. The chapter unanimously approved resolutions to this effect, the resolutions to be sent to the president of the United States. The Chapter also voted to make a substantial donation to the Japanese relief fund.

GEORGE EATON SCOTT, chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Izaak Walton League of America. Mr. Scott is a resident of Chicago and is actively interested in club and civic affairs. He is First Vice President of the American Steel Foundries and a director in several large corporations. During the war he served the American Red Cross in Washington as General Manager and member of the War Council.

Officers of the Chicago Chapter are: Pres., Frank K. Reilly; Vice-Pres., George R. Skinner; Secy., Thomas Ambrose; Treas., Fred N. Peet.

Lemont, Ill.

DES PLAINES Valley Chapter is growing rapidly mostly on account of the interesting gathering it proposes. This is one for the near future: President Abrams suggests all members gather on a Sunday afternoon about 1 p. m. (in this way giving every one a chance to go to church, because one can't catch fish on a Sunday unless he does), all walking—no one can ride or he is disqualified—to the Des Plaines River to fish within a certain boundary and to the one catching the heaviest game fish President Abrams will donate ten dollars. To the son of a member, under 15 years old, catching the heaviest—five dollars.

Secretary Baker, the taxidermist of the chapter, agrees to mount all fish from three pounds and over. Baker has some chance of slipping out of it, but Abrams is stuck for his ten, although we have some wonderful fishers, such as Joe Slachtka who reeled in a small thunder pump a few days ago by casting out to frighten him and wrapping the line around his neck. As the bird flew up the hook caught him and Joe reeled him in. No bunk, boys, I saw it myself, but suppose I can lie if I can fish!

H. E. BAKER, Secretary.

Millville, New Jersey

THE Millville, N. J., chapter has been in existence for but six months. Starting with a membership of a half dozen men, it now numbers one hundred and forty-one and is still increasing. The chapter is particularly fortunate in having for their headquarters, a two-story building located directly in the woods upon the shores of Union Lake. This lake is the second largest artificial lake in the United States. About six miles in length and from one to two miles in width, it is formed by a dam built across the Maurice River. Excellent black bass and pike fishing is available to the disciples of Izaak Walton. A few trout inhabit the cool deep waters of the river flowing from its source, through woodland and meadow and into the lake. Rock-fish, perch and a species of catfish are available in the navigable waters of the river for thirty miles, to Delaware Bay where bluefish, weakfish, king fish and a variety of other fish that inhabit salt or brackish water, afford real sport. An hour's ride by auto will reach several points on the Atlantic Coast, that provide fine deep sea fishing and surf casting.

With these natural advantages afforded lovers of outdoor life, not forgetting hunting, it is evident the I. W. L. A. Chapter should receive no little attention. It is the aim of every member to go the limit, to advertise the League and the principles of the League, stimulating an interest that shall surely result in additional support.

Dr. Robert Van Deusen, Curator of the Fairmount Park Aquarium of Philadelphia, has been presented with an honorary membership in the Millville Chapter by Walter Scoble, the able President of the Chapter. Dr. Van Deusen is a well known authority upon fish and plant life, and has devoted several years to scientific research and to the study of the development of fish life and is fully qualified to handle his subject. Dr. Van Deusen is deeply interested in the things the I. W. L. A. stand for and is a very valuable source of information, which is always cheerfully given to help the work along.

As a means of gaining interest, and to provide for the future of the League, the Chapter has arranged to establish a Junior Chapter, all children under the age required to gain membership in the Senior Chapter, are qualified to join. This feature can be made a success in every Chapter, preparing the way for a real desire for the out-of-doors, being instilled in the child. The great good derived from such contact with nature will repay, many times over, the time and trouble necessary to the success of the plan. Outdoor teaching is an essential part of every child's training and will develop a self reliance, and a real knowledge of outdoor life that will be a valuable asset to the child all through life.

The Chapter holds regular meetings each Tuesday night, at the Headquarters. These get-together evenings are made as interesting as possible to the members, after the regular business has been transacted. A plan has been arranged to appoint some member of the Chapter to speak to the members present each meeting night. The speaker is at liberty to select his subject; he may either deliver an impromptu address, read an

(Continued on page 119)

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

drainage tax itself amounts to $1,044.85, or slightly more than $4.35 per acre. In addition to these taxes here is, as the senator says, a $20,000 mortgage on the property on which interest must be paid, and, of course, the expenses of farm operation. Incidentally, the Brookhart loan of $20,000 was secured from the Des Moines Joint Stock Land Bank, Dec. 22, 1919, and it is known here that loans sought recently on other property adjoining that of the Brookhart brothers, have been refused pointblank because of the drainage conditions prevalent in that area."

With all this expense upon the land, if the Brookharts can make their investment pay out, every farmer on dry soil, with but normal taxation would be rolling in wealth.

The writer happens to know something of the nature of the country, where the colonel does his farming by proxy. It would be more profitable to cultivate muskrats than corn or wheat in the old Keokuk lake bed. Land owners in that district have been forced to pay not only high engineering and drainage costs, but court costs running up into many thousands of dollars for there has been injunction after injunction fought. Anyone conversant with the history of that drainage enterprise would recommend that such land in the future be set aside as fish and game sanctuary for the cost of putting it to agricultural uses is excessive.

It is against such reclamation projects that the conservationists protest, arguing that the land might more profitably to all concerned be left in its native state to support the wild life of the country rather than to be diverted to a use, which the forces of nature make extremely and costly.

Doc

(Continued from page 95)

with all tires still inflated. We climbed aboard and began weaving our way out through the beautiful cedar covered hills, toward the "County road" home. As we rounded one especially steep slope and came onto a vista of receding hills, where the soft greens of the mesquite and the dark greens of the cedars and black persimmons blend to form a veritable tapestry, I turned and waved my hand toward the restful panorama, while I shouted into Doc's ear: "Isn't that view beautiful?" His answer was "Huh?" Then I repeated, and the poetry that the view inspired somehow fizzled out with the repetition; but his answer came quick and confident this time—"Yes, she's a fine old boat, the engine certainly runs good." We drove the next twenty miles in silence, each communing with himself, nor wasting energy in sociable discourse—yet neither of us would have forgone the trip for much of this world's goods, and I had a letter from Doc nearly four months later telling me that he had stopped enroute home and had an operation which he hoped would greatly improve his hearing. Good old Doc, may his wrist remain supple and his black gnat yet entice the old he-boy that lies by the sunken log just below where we camped.

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If you like the good things

If you have zest for life, for the delicate flight of a trout fly, for the soaring curve of a golf ball, for a good trade in business, you're just the man for our clothes

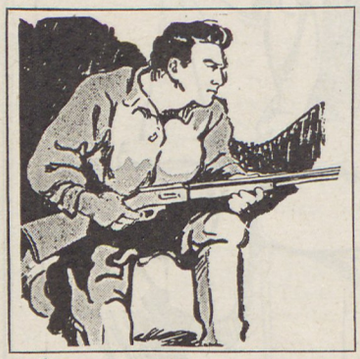
We've put style with dignity, fit with fine tailoring and all-wool quality into them, for you—

Hart Schaffner & Marx

A Stirring Novel of America's Last Frontier

The ALASKAN

By James Oliver Curwood



Adventure—Adventure through the white tundras of the north with Alan Holt who had never loved a woman because his soul was filled with love of his own neglected *Alàska!*

Mystery—Mary Standish had fought her way onto the boat; she visited Alan's room at midnight; she leaped into the sea—only to re-appear at Alan's Alaskan ranch! Was she the spy of his mortal enemies?

Romance—How these two came to know their love, and why they denied it, makes *The Alaskan* magic with the stir of eager hearts and the romance of the midnight sun.

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Illustrated by Walt Louderback

HERE is Curwood's most dramatic novel—an irresistible romance, a breath-taking adventure, a political and financial intrigue.

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Read—and thrill as they face death when sixty gunmen seek the life of Alan Holt and the degradation of the girl he worships.

Read—of a love so wonderful that it could even deny itself.

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"It seems presumptuous for an author to speak of his own stories but I have waited ten years to write The Alaskan and in it I have put the best of those years. I regard it as the most effective effort of my fiction writing and believe that its dramatic climax excels anything I have ever done."—*James Oliver Curwood*

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Brief News of the Chapters

(Continued from page 114)

article, recite some favorite verse, sing or play some musical instrument. The only hard and fast rule is that no member shall refuse duty. This plan has been the means of discovering unexpected talent in the members and is a real benefit to all.

As a portion of our conservation and propagation plan, committees have been appointed to keep in touch with local conditions, and to see that proper action is taken and when necessary to direct the attention of the State Fish and Game Commission to the particular need, or the presence of any abnormal condition. As a result of this plan there was recently liberated in the lake ten cans of black bass or a total of five thousand fish. Last spring a series of forest fires depopulated a large area of woodland of all animal life. Plans are being carried through of restocking these areas with young game and birds. The Committee has also secured permission from the State Fish and Game Commission to take turtles from the lake by net, or by shooting, to rid the lake of a pest that, allowed to go unheeded, would eventually destroy all black bass in the lake. In the spawning season the turtles hunt out the beds where spawn is laid and utterly destroy it. This is a condition that should be attended to in every fresh water stream, lake or pond. The I. W. L. A. by getting in touch with these conditions can render a valuable assistance to outdoor sports, and the accomplishment of these things will bring to our League additional advertisement to boost the cause along.

We should use every possible means of advertising our local chapter in each community. Every man, woman and child has an interest in the I. W. L. A. It is our duty, our privilege to teach them, to endeavor to show each and every one of them the advantages of our League. To gain, first, their interest, finally, their support. Thus shall we be doing our bit, along the lines of fish and game conservation and propagation, not forgetting the forests in our efforts, and in the doing we shall have the great pleasure of knowing that we are making our own particular portion of outdoor America a real paradise for the true sportsman and the true lovers of outdoor life and at the same time provide for future generations a heritage superior to anything else we could give, a heritage of fields and streams undepleted of fish and animal life, and forests undefiled, nature's greatest gift to mankind.

Important Announcement to Chapters

FILMS which demonstrate the practicability and sport of fly fishing in a small river are now available for use of our chapters.

The films were produced under the auspices and at the expense of the Osage chapter of the League and show Will H. Dilg, president and founder of the League, and Fred N. Peet, National Secretary, taking black bass from the Cedar river.

The pictures are clear and distinct, taken amid beautiful scenery and are of exceptional value from an educational as well as a recreational standpoint. The pictures (one reel) will go very well with a chapter banquet, or any well attended gathering.

It is necessary to make a small charge for use of the pictures to defray the production expenses of the Osage chapter. Bookings will be arranged by the executive secretary of the League at headquarters.

New Executive Secretary

WALTONIANS, meet Merton S. Heiss, recently appointed National Executive Secretary of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Heiss has been intimately connected with the movement since shortly after its inception and as the League's first official organizer placed in Illinois nearly one-half of the chapters now existing in that state. He is incidentally secretary of the largest chapter in the League (Will County chapter with headquarters at Joliet, Ill.), and in a position to sympathize with the secretaries of the constantly growing list of chapters. This qualification should insure prompt attention to chapter correspondence and queries. Secretaries are cordially invited to tell him their troubles and try and swamp him with mail.

He has been a newspaper man, connected in news-gathering and executive capacities with papers and press associations in various parts of the United States. He has done some magazine work and admits he would rather write than talk. For more than a year he has worked in the interests of the League and the cause it represents. He owns a cabin on the Kankakee River, fishes considerably, hunts a little and is by instinct and desire a principled sportsman.

It is with deep sorrow we announce the death of

Mr. Grant Phillips

founder of the Appleton, Wisconsin, Chapter.

Announcement to Our Subscribers

THE colored cover which appears on this number of Outdoor America is the main reason for delaying the appearance of the Izaak Walton League publication until October first.

Necessary delay in preparing plates for the covers and a desire to better serve readers and advertisers by bringing out the magazine on the first rather than the middle of the month made it appear advisable to the editor and the executive committee to combine the two issues. Subscribers, of course, will have their subscriptions extended for one month.

The appearance of the October number of Outdoor America we know will serve as sufficient excuse to the League members and readers for the delay. Outdoor America now takes its place as the leading outdoor magazine in the world, the addition of the colored covers adding the final touch of value.

The standard of the cover illustrations will never be lowered, which guarantees to Waltonians the best art work available.

HELP SAVE THE FISHING

JAMISON'S BARBLESS HOOK FLIES

(Patent Applied For)

Will help you do it. This wonderful hook holds fish even on a slack line and does not injure them in the least. All small fish can be returned unharmed to grow up and propagate and make fishing better.

This hook has been endorsed by the following famous authorities: Dr. Jas. A. Henshall, Will H. Dilg, Robt. Page Lincoln, Ozark Ripley, Arthur Requa, Fred N. Peet, Edw. Taylor and many others.

Made in Dry Fly Style only on No. 8, No. 10 and No. 12 hooks in following patterns:

Black Gnat	Jamison's McGinty
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Cahill	Professor
Coachman	Royal Coachman
Cowdung	Rube Wood
Gray Hackle	Wickham's Fancy

Send a dollar bill for four samples or $3 per doz.

Jamison Barbless Hooks

For tying your own flies. Not recommended for bait fishing, unless bait is tied on.

Nos. 8, 10 and 12 for trout, turned down eye..... **30c** per doz.

No. 1/0, for bass, straight eye..... **50c** per doz.

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied

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Shipped, United States or Canada, parcel post or express, $5 per 100. Bait Box for Helgramite, $1.25. Instructions how to keep them, 25c. Send money order, check or telegraph check with order. Orders filled same day as received.

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OUTDOOR BOOKS

By WARREN H. MILLER
Former Editor of Field and Stream

NEW! "The Sportsman's Workshop".....$1.25
How to make tents, pack-sacks, cook-kits, tent stoves, decoys, reloading, rifle and rod fittings, leather working. Silk Cloth binding, $1.75.

"Airedale, Setter and Hound"..... 1.00
How to raise, train and doctor the three great hunting breeds. Pedigrees, kennel construction, care in puppyhood.

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"Rifles and Shotguns"..... 2.50
Practical big game and wing shooting.

"Camping Out"..... 2.00
The "Sourdough book" for veteran woodsmen.

"The American Hunting Dog"..... 2.50
A strictly modern work. Latest pedigrees, puppies, breeding, training, dog diseases.

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Canoe, sail boat and motor boat designs.

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Cheap yet practical outfits. Camping for boys.

"How to Build a Hunting and Fishing Skiff"..... .50

"How to Build a Sailing Canvas Canoe"..... .50

"The Medicine Man in the Woods"..... .25

WARREN H. MILLER **INTERLAKEN, N. J.**

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, identical prizes will be awarded the contestants.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.
9. This contest closes December 15th, 1923.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly books, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interests in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not yet decided upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce, however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of fish.....Weight.....Length.....Girth.....

When caught..... Where.....

Rod used..... Reel.....

Describe one hook artificial lure used.....

Line used..... Lure.....

Caught by (Signed).....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses.)

1. .....

2. .....

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOKTROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus sattatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

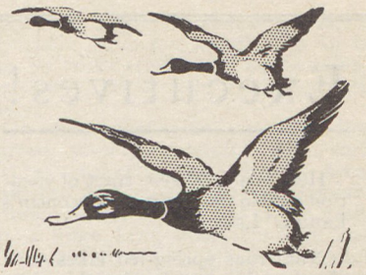
STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

When you win in this contest you may well be proud, as you will have fought and won armed with the fairest of all fair tackle, a ONE HOOK ARTIFICIAL LURE.



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Repeating shot gun, 12 - 16 and 20 gauge — full selection of barrel lengths. Standard grade.
Guaranteed Lowest Market Price

REMINGTON—Auto Loading
Hammerless shot gun, model 11—"take down" 12 guage, 5 shot, 28" barrel. Standard grade.
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SAVAGE——Model 21
Repeating — 5 shots — 12 guage, all barrel lengths, full or modified choke, or cylinder bore.
Guaranteed Lowest Market Price

New this year —
Remington "game loads"—
shells for specific game—so loaded as to give the best results.
Heavy duck, duck, squirrel, grouse, goose, snipe, and trap loads—also complete line of Remington, Winchester and U. S. shells.

A complete line of decoys and hunting accessories — also boots and clothing.

HUNTERS—
Send for this Fall's Game Law Digest and Your Copy of Our New Gun Catalog.

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High-Grade Split Bamboo
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Executives!

Here is a 6600 acre tract of vacation land in the Heart of Wisconsin's Land O' Lakes.

Numerous spring-fed lakes with clear sparkling water dot this remnant of a rapidly vanishing wild-life frontier.

The lakes, streams, and rice marshes lying within a region covered with a second growth of mixed and coniferous timber form a natural habitat for game-fish, deer, partridges, water-fowl, and other species of wild life.

It is readily accessible by State Trunk highways and the Chicago and Northwestern railway. The tract lies close to a railroad station and post-office.

Men at the head of large concerns will find this tract especially desirable for development into a summer vacation ground for members of their organization and their families.

Write for maps and further particulars

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Also Trapping Supplies of every description. Complete stocks of loaded shells and ammunition. Get our prices and save money

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of every size and description at lowest prices. We make immediate shipment. No delay here.
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25 Fur Exchange Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

156,000,000 Acres Count 'em

(Continued from page 81)

been milling around about buying shooting grounds, establishing refuges where there is no governmentally owned land now and trying to get over some altogether new project and have missed the biggest outdoors preserves that we already own.

What's that? You think that we can afford to wait to give these National Forests our attention?

Say, you just don't know. Why, Bill, I have genuine grave suspicions that if we piddle around for another ten years or so trying to get through entirely new legislation without also giving these National Forests some attention with regard to the game and fish they support that there will not be decent stock left to build up game and fish supplies over large areas in the Forests.

It's a fact, Old Timer, and I know for the last four seasons I have spent about six months each drilling through these big reservations. Do you know how many deer I saw in about three hundred miles of back country travel in the mountain forest lands of Colorado? Not more than nine and I'm adding about 50% to make that safe.

The Forest Service men are doing what they can, but they need our help.

Now what would you do if you are confronted by a darned well organized bunch like the cattle men of the West who go into Congress and demand every speck of grazing they can possibly wring out of the Forests? You'd give it to 'em, of course. And that is what the Forest Service does. It hasn't any demand from the game for that range. Game does not influence Congress. But a whole pack of vociferous cow men do, let me tell you. And if you and I were cow men we'd probably demand it too. And the game undoubtedly has range that it should have stolen from it for cattle and sheep.

That is only one reason you ought to know all about these Forests, Bill. Then they regulate stream flow. They are the freest place to camp in the world. The best trout streams in the west are in them—

Gosh! it's no use to get started this late in this powwow. They're just the biggest, richest, most inviting parcel of outdoor territory we of the United States own, and honest, Bill, 999 out of every 999¼ don't know a dawggonned thing about them.

In the Washakie.

And, by Heck, if we, you and me and some of the rest of the gang don't get ourselves in the intelligence class with regard to them and then do our levelest to back the Forest Service with regard to their rational use by humans we are going to lose some of the best outdoors we have in America today. And now WE own and have IT. We don't have to go down the line to get it. All

Railroad Work
Heavy Excavation
Highway Construction
Foundations

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Engineer and General Contractor
Chicago, Illinois

River and Harbor Work
Hydro-Electric Development
Concrete Construction
Industrial Plants

we need to do is to wake up and realize that this 156,000,000 acres of public forest belongs to us and that we are responsible to some extent for what is done with it.

Got to go? Say, I was just getting started. But then you've been into the Washakie Forest and know what sort of territory we have in some of them and what possibilities they contain.

Let's get together again soon. Want to chew this over with you some more. It's important.

The Nut

(Continued from page 79)

of me, with a fire started and pots boiling over the flames. The expressions of surprise and bewilderment on their faces, when they made out what I had with me was something I shall not attempt to describe. Joe, who possesses a deep seated sense of humor, coupled with but a modicum of self-control, retired to a pup tent, and presently I heard strangling noises issuing from its recesses.

One of us invited the Nut to supper, though I insist that I had nothing to do with it, and after the meal, we sat around a fire of drift wood, and recounted the unexciting happenings of the day and listened to our new acquaintance as he told about fishing on the other side. Certainly there was no taint of diffidence in the Nut's character. He made himself entirely at home, so much so, that when I made a half-hearted suggestion that he bunk in the tent with Bill and myself, he acted on the invitation with alacrity, and when I sought my blankets, I found him snuggled down in them, with his mouth open and a smile of utter content on his face.

About one o'clock the tide turned, and we rolled out, and carried the dingy down to the water. I had taken particular care not to disturb the usurper of my bed roll, but when we were ready to row out to the sea skiff, there he was, with his rod and tackle in his hands, and that same glare in his eyes, as of one who is about to undertake a great adventure.

It was inky black on the water, but the lighthouse gave us our bearings, and with the engine sputtering like a machine gun, we tore out across the Inlet, scarcely shipping a bucket of water, though it was choppy enough to give a landsman a creepy feeling. Forty minutes' run, and we were at that point in the channel where we intended to do our fishing. Another boat, with her riding lights showing, lay a hundred yards or so below us, when I swung the bow around and sung out to let go the anchor. The Nut was in the bow, and Bill passed the word along to him.

"Throw the anchor overboard," he told him. "That crooked piece of iron you're sitting against."

"What for?" asked the Nut.

"To hold the boat while we fish." What do you suppose what for?" Bill answered.

"And make it snappy," I put in, for we were drifting rapidly toward the neighboring boat.

The Nut hesitated for an instant, then, "all right," he answered, but I am positive it will not suffice. They don't do it that way on the other side."

I heard the splash as the anchor hit the water, and waited for the launch to swing. But she kept on drifting, and we were getting too close to the other fishing boat for comfort. "Say," I yelled, "let out more line, we're not holding."

Al uttered a cuss word. "The durned fool slung the anchor overboard without any rope fastened to it. Start the engine, or we will be ramming those fellows."

The crew of the other craft had seen the danger, and were yelping at us in unison. Before Joe could turn the engine over, we went slam bang into them, fending off as well as we could with a pair of oars. What they said to us, I have tried to forget, though it hurts to this day. Knowing that any explanation we might make would only cause our blunder to appear more ridiculous, we kept silent, even when they referred to us as bootlegging landlubbers.

When we got the engine started and had chugged up the channel to a point well out of earshot of that ill-mannered crew, we tied on a spare anchor, which we were fortunate enough to possess. And I am sure we all had a feeling of relief when we felt the dory nosing the tide.

The Nut was still in our midst, which speaks well for the restraint of my companions, and presently he began to babble questions regarding the tackle to be used for "this blooming boat fishin'."

> *"I HAVE a dislike for the companionship of the bustling, busy angler who fishes as long as he can see to do it morn, noon and dewy eve in the hope of getting the last trout in the water. Such a man makes a labor of fishing; I go to the woods for rest and other attractions purer, higher and more enobling than the mere act of taking fish."* GEORGE DAWSON
>
> Angling Talks by George Dawson
> Forest & Stream 1883

Al cut squid and shedders into tasty morsels and placed the bait on the engine box, where it would be handy to get at, and presently was heard the cheerful sounds of our leads, as they hit the water. Conditions appeared good, and as in this same spot, less than a week previous, we had made a great catch of lusty tide runners, the depression which had followed our misfortuntes was quickly dispelled.

This night-fishing for weakfish is a peculiarly fascinating sport. Almost invariably the fish run large, up to eight and ten pounds, frequently, and on light tackle they afford exciting sport. They take the bait voraciously, and fight viciously until brought to gaff or net. There are other fish, also. Croakers, which pound for pound, are as lusty a fish as swims the tide. Kingfish also, and now and then a channel bass or black drum, which usually succeeds in smashing the tackle of the angler, who is unprepared ordinarily for these heavy fish.

The weakfish usually come in schools. For an hour or more there is only the tentative nibbling of smaller fish, to keep the angler from dozing. Now and then an odd weakfish or a croaker comes to boat, or perhaps it is a big blue crab, which is lifted over the side. Then the big fish strike in, and for anywhere from ten minutes to an hour one or more rods will be bending to the surge of a tide runner continuously.

On this particular occasion things started tamely enough. We caught several croakers, and once a screech from the Nut gave hopes of something better. But it turned out to be nothing but a huge king crab, an ugly and a gruesome creature, which he yanked over the gunwale, and flopped down in Joe's lap.

When he swung his rod backward for another cast, I heard someone call "look out." Then I saw Joe's hat go sailing from his head, and at the same time the sinker struck him a crack above the ear. He started for the Nut, but Bill stopped him.

"Remember," he admonished, "he is our guest."

Joe rubbed his swelling and groaned, but relapsed into silence. He was rewarded for his restraint, almost immediately by a good strike, and he fought the fish carefully until he had him alongside. A fine six-pound weakfish. Al struck one at almost the same instant, and things began to pick up on the dory. We all hung fish, then, and for the next twenty minutes, our boat resembled a destroyer in action. I have never known the weakfish to bite with greater abandon, or to fight with a greater display of courage than they did this night. The moon, just peeping above the silhouette of dunes, in the distance, added its feeble rays to the light from our torches, and aided us materially in bringing our silver trophies to gaff. All in all, it was a sight to bring a smile of beatific satisfaction to the lips of the guardian angel of anglers, supposing he or she were looking down on us at that moment. Happiness prevailed. Joy and mirth were rampant in our midst. Dawn was far distant, and we had before us a night of rare sport; such a night as only comes a couple of times in a season. Songs of thanksgiving and uncontrollable rapture burst from our lips.

And then it happened.

I have stated that our bait, all of it, reposed in a box on the engine cover. I was just reeling in, after losing the biggest fish of the evening, when, glancing over my shoulder, I saw the Nut swing his rod backward, then forward, with a mighty swish. There was the sound of metal meeting wood. Then a dark, square object sail through the air, to alight with a sickening splash twenty feet from the boat. And presently the moonlight was reflected from silver strips of squid, and large chunks of tender, succulent shedder, as they drifted down the tide.

Were I impelled to depict in a word picture, the happenings of the next five minutes, my pen would fail me unless it were dipped in liquid fire. 'Twere better, far better, to draw the veil of forgetfulness across the scene. Through it all I sat in stunned silence, too overcome by this supreme tragedy to make a move to part the combatants, when it was over. When the clamor and din of battle had subsided we started the boat and made our course toward camp. Here the Nut left us. Left us hastily, and without tarrying to thank us for our hospitality, and we have never seen him since. But he left behind a remembrance in the shape of a red and white checked flannel shirt, slightly ragged in one or two places, but not from long usage. Joe wears it on occasion. He says it gives him luck.

Saves The Day

Those little troubles — a tear in the tent, torn coat, broken tool handle—they spoil many an outing. Tirro, the new waterproofed mending tape, ends them, saves the day. Never go fishing, camping, hunting, golfing, motoring, without a spool handy.

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Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 90)

September

canvas duffle bags for bedding and personal belongings; side-opening for the food bags, make the best way to carry everything on a canoe trip. They cannot get wet; will float in case of an upset; stow easily; portage easily on one's back. 'Nuff said! Beware of him who insists on a box or a trunk. And sit on the duffer who has a schedule! It is as out of place as a curriculum in a university. The chap who is forever for pushing on and getting somewhere else is a nuisance. No one wants to get anywhere. It is all delightful; and when you find a good fishing or resting spot, just stay there and loaf. Freedom is what you are after; any necessity to get anywhere at any particular time represents restraint, the irksome bondage of civilization and clocks.

And do not neglect cutting the rest-stick when on a portage. This is nothing but a stout sapling, a little over five feet long, which you carry in one hand while the canoe is resting on your shoulders by its paddle blades. Every hundred yards or so you put up the rest-stick underneath the canoe and stand out from under to rest, letting the stick carry the weight. Really, the most arduous labor of portaging is hoisting the canoe up into place on your shoulders, and this the rest-stick saves you. One takes a two-mile carry with the rest-stick with far less effort than half a mile without it.

In inland canoeing I have used for years a stout sixty-pound, sixteen-foot Morris. She has been down rapids and across wide lakes and over prone trees innumerable, and once climbed thirty feet up into the air where a big spruce lay across the trail on the Racquette Lake carry and she had to be hauled up into it to get along because the bush was too dense on either side to take her around the spruce. About everything that has happened to her has been mended in a few minutes by a gob of canoe glue and a match—and this includes a hole in her bottom so large that I had to keep my finger in it while we paddled ashore lest we incontinently sink.

On salt water I use a good deal a light forty-pound decked canvas sailing canoe. She can live in seas far heavier than the largest open canoe, and the little witch covers miles and miles under her two sails with no effort on her skipper's part save some rather breathless yachtsmanship. At night she is hauled up on the beach and the sand packed along her bottom. A cockpit tent appears, strung between her two masts. An empty ticking, filled with sage and beach-grass, converts the cockpit into a soft bed, and the skipper turns in with a candle-lantern swinging from the ridge rope overhead, reading serenely while the gale howls outside and the mosquitoes hum in a vain and hungry symphony. She is a species of heaven for me, in September, when the channel bass are in the surf and the shore birds flocking to the bay coves. One needs nothing but a blanket, a bag of potatoes, and a flitch of bacon to be royally happy in her; for the ocean is full of good things to eat and so is the bay—fish, snipe, crabs and clams.

I would dedicate September to the Outdoor Boy. It is his last chance at the good times before school begins, and you owe it to the little man to end his vacation in a blaze of glory. I am lucky enough to possess two boys, both of whom were raised on the outdoors, for they went with their father everywhere, against the wholly ineffectual protests of his men friends, who appeared to forget that they ever had been boys. My own enjoyment was always doubled with their delight over this new and fascinating world to which I introduced them. The older, Barse Miller, now a man and a famous painter who gets into the newspapers far more often than his father does, went with me on every trip, from the age of nine up. His eager delight, his quick catching-on of the mysteries of camping and canoeing, of fishing and shooting, were a constant pleasure to me. He quickly became a dependable camper and canoeist, a good trout, bass and surf angler, a splendid rifle and wing shot, beating his dad all hollow at the latter. The younger son, Purviance, now twelve, is going through the same training. Brothers, it makes a man of your boy! You spend money without stint in seeing that he gets a good schooling; why not spend some of your time in seeing that he gets as good an outdoor training, even if he is sure to break your precious bottle of dry fly oil, lose the salt bag, forget the paddles on a three-mile portage, and do a hundred things to make you want to beat him? All this is training. These mistakes are serious in the outdoors and they bring home to him surely and potently the necessity for conquering heedlessness and carelessness, the necessity to be a man among men.

In order that your boy be not disappointed and discouraged, a little preliminary training is essential. September is a fine month to get him ready for the fall shooting season. I took Barse out half a dozen afternoons for a course in wing-shooting. He had at that time a spiteful little 28 ga. single Stevens shotgun. I took along a hand spring trap and a bag of blue rocks. We went out to a convenient field, and there he had a full course on wing-shooting, beginning with easy straightaways, graduating to hard left and right quartering shots. Within two weeks that boy was shooting down at the gun club alongside the men, using his little 28 at the standard sixteen-yard rise and scoring 70 percent hits. And when we got after the real thing, the shore birds and ducks of the marshes, and the grouse of the hills, he put it all over his dad!

In the same way I trained him to cast with the fly rod, to shoot a plug without backlashing with the baitcasting rod, and to cast his two hundred feet out into the second line of surf. With the result that when I took him on a trout trip, a bass camp, or a surf safari he did not go emptyhanded and become listless and discouraged but took his share of everything, generally beating the men of the party. A boy is just as good an outdoorsman as a man, if you give him a proper chance. Take him along, by all means!

And what of the Outdoor Girl, now that we are on the subject of something else beside Ourself? My experience of the Little Wife and the Pestilent Daughter in the outdoors is that they do best on a canoe trip. The woman's soul is keenly appreciative of the vast and wonderfully beautiful panorama of nature that the canoe trip unfolds, and her joy in adventuring into the unknown is quite as heartfelt as your own. The canoe is the least fatiguing manner of getting about in the wilderness. There is no end of hilarious sport in it for her, and on the portages we load her up with rod cases, landing nets, camp axes and other such small deer. I took Mrs. M. across the Adirondacks with me on a hundred and twenty mile trip, thirteen of which were carries. In white water or wide traverses alike she was the best little bowman I ever shipped, never needing a word from me to do the right thing at the right moment; and in the countless small situations, as to which end of a down tree to go around, whether to land and camp or go on, which side of a rapids to take, hers was generally the right opinion, and the only one worth a whoop, after we men had argued and quarreled over it! She carried a light quilt sleeping bag and her personal effects and tubes of artist's paint in a small rucksack on portage, with a sketch box and all our rods and nets in hand. Never was a better pal on a trip, and she enjoyed it thoroughly—no wonder, having five men to amuse her and bass galore for the taking!

Next to canoeing, the outdoor girl likes a horseback camping trip. We have taken many such, the lady equipped with a standard McClellan saddle and her bedding and extra clothes in a tarpaulin roll over the cantle. We carried all the provisions we needed in the cavalry saddle bags and camped at night wherever the woods roads found us and there was a spring. Great fun, a horseback camping trip! try it, some time, with the little wife, and leave the automobile at home.

Next to that for her would come either a beach camp for the large salt water fish or beside a lake for bass. She will be more pleased with the latter if you can secure a permanent woods camp of some sort, for most lakes have them in quantities along the shores and she sees no reason why she should forego the usual comforts even for the best

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

of bass fishing. With the wide beaches and dunes it is different. There the distances are so immense that mere human beings are negligible, and she will turn pirate with the best of you, camping on the beach, making cupboards and kitchenettes out of treasure trove from the beach driftwood, taking her daily plunge in the surf, collecting driftwood for the beach fire at night, and casting her rod with the rest when the tide is right for surf fishing. Buy her as good and smart a rig of outdoor clothes as your own, and she will go right along, pathetically happy not to be left behind, and as good a sport as ever drove a tent peg.

By all means take the family along. It means considerable extra work and the exercise of some unselfishness on your part, but it repays. The kids simply adore camping in any form, regardless of age, ability or previous condition of mollycoddleism. And the wife of your bosom, your life partner, **never** likes to be left out, no matter what you elect to do. She may protest that she hates the woods; but, buy her a smart outfit and guard her from the annoyances and discomforts that savage and unrestrained Nature has in store for them who attempt to ignore them, and she will return from the first trip the most enthusiastic member of the whole party and eager to go again.

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 92)

October

some of your clothes; otherwise flannel pajamas make a restful change.

For minor essentials I would place first a wool toque or sleeping hood and a pair of wool dry socks for night use. You cannot get off to sleep if either head or feet are cold, and a hat is a poor thing to sleep in as it will neither stay on nor show any mercy to your poor ears. Then, candle lanterns for the tents and a carbide for general illumination—essential because darkness comes on swiftly in the hunting months.

A mattress-bag weighing some nine ounces. This is to be filled with dry leaves, or pine needles, or hay, and goes under your sleeping bag. About seven feet by 28 inches is better than a wider one, for it should be stuffed full as a bolster at first, and you do not want any of it to bunch out at the sides and let you down to thin nothingness in the middle, as a wide mattress-bag will.

Extra wool drawers and four pairs of wool socks. All this nether gear gets wet in the day's hunt, and the first thing one goes for on getting back to camp is a dry change, while a sock fire prepares the wet ones for next day. Low camp moccasins. Your feet will be yelling for a shift from the hunting boots after a long day's tramp. See that the moccasins are not so thin as to wet through in walking on the damp grass around camp. A rain rig of some kind. Ponchos are good but heavy; for years I carried a fairy rubber coat which weighed nineteen ounces and went in one's hunting coat pocket as a small package. Canvas hunting coat. On the whole I prefer it to all others. It is impervious to brier scratches, as wool is not; it is rainproof and light, and not too warm for the mid-day sun. A shell vest. Handy way to carry ammunition, and you will appreciate its extra warmth in the keen hours of early morning. Wool army breeches; better than canvas or khaki, as not wetting through so easily from the dew on tall grasses. Puttees and army shoes, or high cruiser moccasins and socks. Either way, avoid heaviness, as your feet have thousands of steps to take during the day. Plenty of good tobacco.

A chance to save weight is in axes. I learnt, long ago, that a light axe with a long handle was worth two heavy ones with short handles. My favorite is a two-pound Damascus steel one with 26-inch handle. It cuts all the wood that four men need.

An emergency lunch kit. Make up a good one, of square chocolate tins which give you two containers for tea and a hot soup or rice. Fill it with little packets of sugar, salt, rice, chocolate, flour, soup cubes, etc., so that you can build a fire at noon-day and cook a substantial lunch, far from camp. You do not need a fry pan. Grill a bird on a sassafras stick over the fire, or plank him. For breadstuffs, a couple of hardtacks cut to fit in the tins are ample. The tins should have holes in the rims and wire bales packed inside, so they can be hung over the fire to boil rice and tea. This kit travels either strapped to your belt, or, better, in a hunting coat pocket.

Last essential, a small folding camera, which can slip into a vest pocket.

Next month the hunter will have his innings again; in the grand field of big-game hunting, and in training for both wing-shooting and rifle. Some specimen of man is the hunter! He is not made in a day!

The Big Game Hunter's Paradise

PACK up your rifle and kit and come to the place where real sportsmen test their skill. Here there's game fit for the steel of men who feel the "kick" of hunting the Grizzly, outwitting the crafty Mountain Sheep and Goat and bringing in the prize Moose or Deer. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia are each the haunt of big game.

Write any of the following Canadian National Railways Offices Ask for booklet 11, mentioning districts or game that interest you

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BUFFALO, 11 S. Division St.
CHICAGO, 108 West Adams St.
CINCINNATI, 406 Traction Bldg.
CLEVELAND, 522 Rockefeller Bldg.
DETROIT, 1259 Griswold St.
DULUTH 430 West Superior St.
KANSAS CITY, 334 Railway Exchange Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 503 S. Spring St.
MINNEAPOLIS, 518 2nd Ave S.
NEW YORK, 1270 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 702 Finance Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, 505 Park Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME., Grand Trunk Station
PORTLAND, ORE., 120-Third St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 689 Market St.
SEATTLE, 902 2nd Ave.
ST. LOUIS, 305 Merchants Laclede Bldg.
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"Where to Hunt, Fish and Paddle in the New North" will give you helpful details in planning your trip this year. For this and information as to fares, open seasons, etc., write C. K. Howard, General Tourist Agent, Montreal, Quebec.

Canada Welcomes United States Tourists. **No Passports Required.**

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Duck Hunting Reminiscences

(Continued from page 70)

this, two people can keep a secret but one must be dead."

One of the queerest men I knew, was old Jim Reishell. He would paddle a boat so quietly that he could sneak up on himself. He was some marksman, too. I always fancied the squirrels kept a special outlook for him round-about June, and would bark to the others, "Go for your holes! Here comes Jim Reishell."

I almost shot him once. Luck saved him—that was all. This day he was in his boat, hid in the buck brush, as I came paddling around the point. I spied two ducks and fired. No sooner did the gun crack when out came old Jim. I had shot right into his blind at seventy-five yards. I'll bet you could have heard him roar five miles away. His disposition wasn't any too good anyhow.

A Dutchman by the name of Matthew Frank—"Old Mattie" we always called him—was a peculiar old scout, too. He always kept up a constant conversation with himself.

I was shooting one day on Dutch Island (now too, owned by David Joyce) when I came up behind "Old Mattie's" blind, just as a single green-head weaved along. He raised from cover and let loose a single barrel, ten gauge, and down came the drake. "You d— fool green-head to be a comin' straight over me and a gettin' kildt" —I heard Mattie say, as he carefully laid the bird with his other trophies.

The members of Grand Island Gun Club would smile if they could see a movie of the misfortunes of Jim Wilkins, as they happened twenty-five years ago. Jim, who hunted and fished for a living, had his humble domicile on the west shore of the island. The Illinois River rises very rapidly, especially in the spring, and I remember two occasions when with the use of the old ferry boat, I was one of a party who rescued Jim and his belongings. His three or four chickens we removed from a high brush pile back of the house, while his cow—wall eyed,—stood in water up to her neck, and his old razor-back sow swam around equal to Annette Kellerman.

My Father was a man of quick temper, and action, and often repented at leisure the things he did in haste.

His almost constant companion was Jake, a brown pointer dog. He was absolutely a one-man's dog, for no one looked so good to him as "Fod."

One late fall day, Dad was hunting over in the Moscow Flats. As usual, Jake was with him. The air was frosty and the Lake was frozen over. Just as the gray of evening spread itself, Dad dropped a duck away out on the ice. Jake, understanding, walked slowly down the shore, raised his head and scented, but stood still even though he heard the command, "Go fetch." Nor could any persuasion induce him to obey. This was out of the ordinary, and Dad, thinking the dog only tired with the work of the trip, insisted, and became angry. If Jake could only have had some medium of expression, his knowledge would have saved the day, for he knew that ice would not hold him. As it was, he turned and with head and tail held high, he trotted homeward. When about seventy-five yards away, Dad commanded, "Stop, Jake," but on he went—and then Dad shot. It burned his hip, and it burned his heart, too, for he went home, ate his supper, and disappeared. Never did we hear a thing of him afterwards. My father advertised, and finally offered a reward of $500.00 for his return or any information as to his whereabouts, but it availed nothing.

When the ducks are in their flight,
Either Spring or Fall,
I simply can't content myself
Or settle down at all.

I long to get in corduroys,
To polish up my gun
And go back to my native State—
I want to break and run.

Nothing else will satisfy,
Nothing else looks good.
I truly can't accomplish
A thing I really should.

And when this fever hits me
I can't regain my poise,
Until I pack my grip and things
And visit Illinois.

It was ever with tears in his eyes and an ache in his throat that Dad spoke of Old Jake, his brown pointer.

My Father was a true sportsman. He lived until past seventy, and hunted until the last. I'll always remember my early training with him when he said, "Son, when two guns crack at the same time, and the bird falls, it always belongs to the other fellow—never say it's yours."

Though I've only started in my forties, it seems I've lived a century when I recall these things. I get homesick for the scenes of my youthful days, and thirsty for a drink from Elms' Spring. I go back to these hunting grounds each Fall, and I tell the bunch the things I've been telling you, but their interest is in the present—not my past. So I whip up enthusiasm, and get in the ring.

Last Fall, we stopped with Fred Lippert on Patterson Bay. We slept on the floor, all in one room—five of us. I forgot to say—Fred is some fellow—can skin a muskrat while he cooks dinner. Pancakes for breakfast, beans and fat pork for dinner and supper, is the menu. It is a grand place to stay for you can stand in the door and see the blue bills swim up the bay, and the mallards crossing from Jack Lake over to Crane.

We had some splendid shooting and managed to bag five geese in three mornings down on Dave Avery's thirty. In going down the Sangamon River, we got separated from Ed. Myers, the fifth man of our party, and I tell you he got the scare of his life. Thinking Dave owned all of the Sangamon Bottom, Ed. ventured far and located on other ground, where there were ducks galore, and shots aplenty. Right in the midst of this exquisite pleasure, a man in a good looking duck boat approached and asked if he knew where he was and what he was doing. Ed, realizing his predicament, made tracks rapidly, and escaped what he knew would be "some fine." Eventually, he found the rest of us and that night we took seventy-five mallard from our launch.

I have hunted the deer in the North, partridge in Wisconsin, prairie chicken in Iowa, and wild turkey in Florida, but I have yet to see the sport that compares with the wild duck hunt down Grand Island way.

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Is the very best, fine, all wool shirt that can be made.

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L. L. BEAN, Freeport, Maine

Game Rifles

(Continued from page 88)

squirrels, the rifle chambered for the short is sufficient, but for heavier small game and varmints, such as woodchuck, foxes, coyotes, raccoons and the like, the rifle chambered for the long rifle cartridge is to be preferred. Both guns are unbelievably accurate for their weight. They are equipped with the best open, factory sights for hunting that I have ever seen on a small bore rifle. They are the only open sights I have ever used that give much the same effect as globe and peep sights. The correct list price on the Model 24 is $27.50.

Ammunition for the New Newton Series

Question

A friend just sent me in two sheets from the League Monthly, date not appearing, but think it is the last. On

page 427 appears a question by a Mr. Cardington and your answer re: Newton rifles et al.

As to your comments on the "all around rifle," you were correct from your viewpoint, also from his; but it is my purpose to take you to a higher elevation where you may see more widely.

The only reduced load I consider at all consists of a light metal cased bullet, either full metal cased or soft point, driven by a light charge of quick burning powder, and at from 1,000 f. s. upward, depending upon the purposes for which you wish to use it. For instance:

We load the .35 Newton shell with a 170 grain metal cased bullet with from 10 to 15 grains weight of smokeless shotgun powder. This burns cleanly, does not foul the barrel, and will group on a ten-cent piece at 50 yards. It has about the power of a large caliber revolver.

Again, we load the same shell with a 200 grain bullet, such as used in the autoloading rifles, at 2,000 f. s., and we have, using Lightning powder, the same ballistic effect, and much better accuracy than the .35 caliber autoloading rifles.

Or, with the regular 250 grain bullet, at 2,200 f. s., we have a duplicate of the .35 W. C. F. rifle, but with better accuracy.

The same is true of the other Newton cartridges. Load them with metal jacketed bullets and quicker burning powder, in smaller charges, and you can duplicate the effects of any cartridge, and always with better accuracy. A word as to that better accuracy.

The reason why all bullets do not strike in the same hole is the slight inequalities at the base allow the gases to escape at one side, or at one point, before they do at the rest of the periphery of the base. This gives the bullet a slight tip away from the straight and narrow path. Of course, these irregularities are microscopical in amount, but the gas pressure takes advantage of them and deflects the bullet more or less. It is this uneven escape of the gas which interferes with accuracy somewhat even in the best bullets made.

With any high power cartridge, the high velocity is obtained by using a powder that burns slowly enough to put the pressure to the highest permissible point as soon as possible, and then hold it as high as possible during the entire length of the bore. This naturally means a high muzzle pressure. The higher the pressure at the muzzle, the more the bullet will be deflected by the uneven escape of the gases, and the less accurate the shooting with a given bullet.

Now, taking our .30 Newton, with target load, as an example: We will assume that the chamber pressure of a Springfield cartridge, loaded for long range target work, 180 grain bullet at 2,600 f. s., for instance, is 54,000 lbs. per square inch. To get that velocity they must hold up that pressure well throughout the entire length of the bore, and use a slow burning powder to do it, and as a result the pressure at the muzzle, when the bullet emerges, is comparatively high—assume 10,000 lbs. per square inch.

The .30 Newton shell has much larger powder capacity, so with the slow burning powder, and 54,000 lbs. chamber pressure, we get 3,000 f. s. velocity, with the same muzzle pressure and the same accuracy.

Now we load the .30 Newton with a quicker burning powder, using a sufficient charge to give us two items, viz., 54,000 lbs. chamber pressure and 2,600 f. s. velocity. This means that our maximum pressure is as high as the Springfield, but it must fall off faster as the bullet moves along the bore, to give the reduced velocity. Result is a much lower muzzle pressure, assume 4,000 lbs. This deflects the bullet far less than does the 10,000 lbs. muzzle pressure of the Springfield, and the shooting is decidedly more accurate, the bullets used being the same.

Likewise, since the gas pressure at the muzzle is less, the recoil will be less. Thus you may either shoot with less recoil, or you may load to the same recoil and get more velocity than with the Springfield. You may utilize the advantage with the larger powder capacity of the .30 Newton shell in either of these ways and either is better than the Springfield.

Therefore, while I agree fully with you as regards supplemental chambers, cast bullets, etc., as reduced loads, I think that with the above mentioned series of metal cased bullet loads, shot from the regular shells, with quick burning powder, smokeless of course, have pretty nearly an all around rifle. As a miniature rifle it will outshoot the best .22 long rifle target rifles, with power of a revolver bullet if desired, while if you want extreme velocity with minimum of striking power, you can speed up these light bullets to 3,300 f. s. or more, and they dash themselves in pieces when they strike, and lose velocity fast before they strike.

Further, if you think it disconcerting to use different loads in the same rifle, consider what it is to use two different rifles, of different balance, hand, weight, trigger pull, sights, etc.

I long ago promised you an article for your magazine. I am one of those unfortunates who cannot write unless I have a message with the missionary spirit to impart it. If you would like a write-up of this system of reduced loads, I could work you off one almost any time.—C. W. N., Buffalo, N. Y.

Answer

Your communication has been reproduced in full, because of the general interest attaching to it. The constructive criticisms that you have offered are most welcome. Nevertheless, these columns were intended for the lay Nimrod, and not as advice to expert manufacturers or riflemen, like yourself, who have spent many years of their lives developing loads.

We await with keen interest your article on reduced loads.

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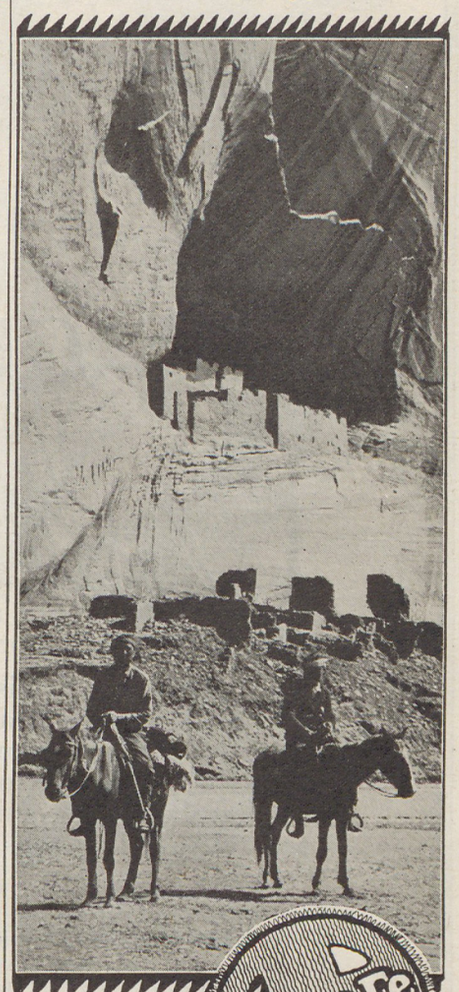

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The magazine is not a money making proposition. It is owned by the Izaak Walton League of America, a national conservation movement of the highest proven standards, and is published purely as a means of carrying the message of this great outdoor crusade throughout the nation and awakening all Americans to the need of protection for their woods and trails and streams.

America's greatest outdoor writers and artists are contributing without pay to this magazine. They realize what outdoor America has done for them and now that outdoor America needs their help they are eager to do all that they can in exchange. They are helping us make the League's magazine so irresistibly appealing to outdoor-lovers and to the principled sportsmen of the nation that the million members the League needs to carry out its great conservation plans may be attained.

The magazine is remarkable, and must continue to be remarkable that through its pages we lovers of the wild things and of the silent places may carry our message to the entire nation. The magazine is a banner held aloft rallying all true and principled outdoor-lovers to the colors. Every fisherman, every hunter, every ardent worshipper of God's outdoors who has gained that knowledge of the beauty of the earth and of the heavens which can only come to one who has, as Stevenson says, "slept under the stars" should subscribe for Outdoor America, thereby receiving a remarkable outdoor publication as well as helping in a magnificent outdoor cause.

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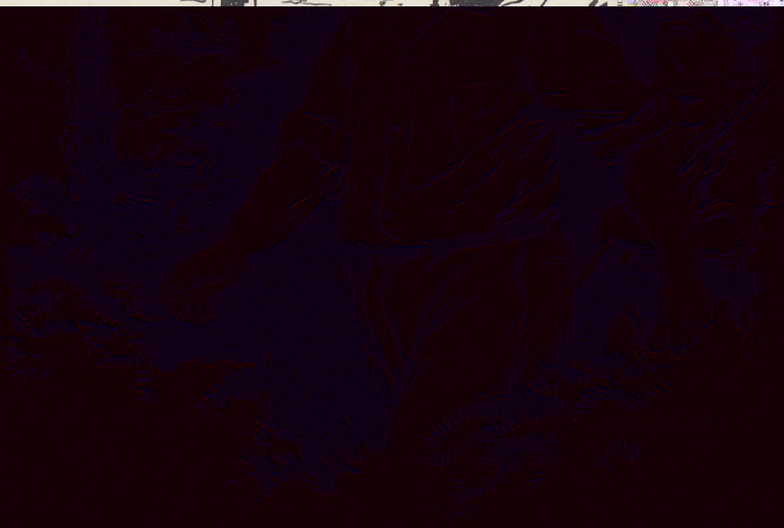

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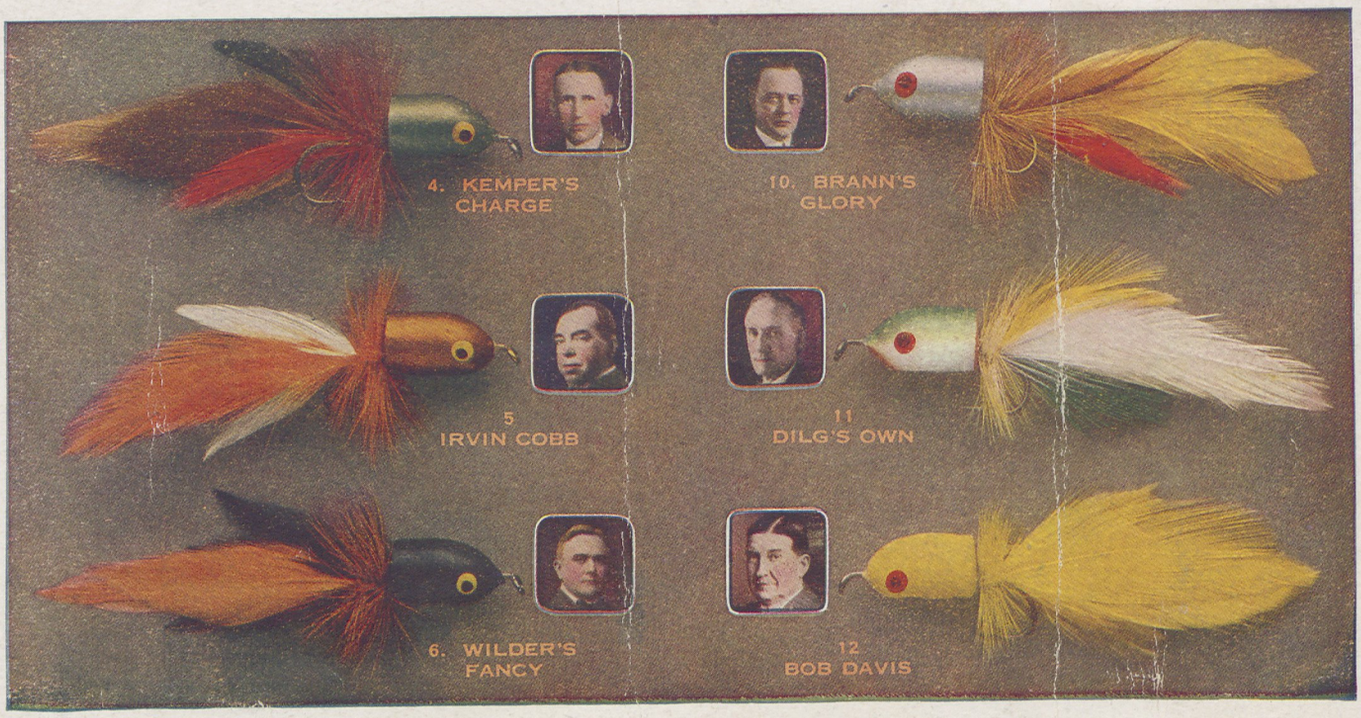

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